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All the important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." All the notes are checked
and I copied most of them.

Walter Deane, June 13, 1896.

William Brewster
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William Brewster
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Belmont & Mattam, Mass.

1895

March 24 Early morning clear and calm but the sky hazed over before ten o'clock and during the remainder of the day the sun shone dimly through thin clouds and a chill S.W. wind blew with considerable force.

We have had ~~an~~ long, hard winter with no exceptionally cold weather or deep snows but with almost no mild weather since November. Birds have been scarce than I can remember them to be before and the ^{earl} spring migrants have been late in coming. On the 20th I took a long tramp around Rock Meadows & through Wamsley without seeing or hearing any spring bird except our Song Sparrows. None of the farmers whom I questioned had heard a Bluebird but one or two were reported a few days before this from Brookline & Melbury. On the 14th the Spelman saw a solitary male Red-wing in the Fresh Pond Swamp.

As nearly as I can learn the first recorded flight of Song Sparrows, Blackbirds & Bluebirds arrived on the 22nd and 23rd. It is singular that they are so late this year for the fields have been bare for over two weeks and the frost is now out of the ground in many places and the roads as dry & dusty as in summer.

This morning Spelman on his bicycle and I in my buggy rode to Wamsley and alighting at the upper mill pond spent the day on Rock Meadows taking photographs.

We found Song Sparrows abundant everywhere and saw a Phoebe (in the upper swamp just above the mill pond, two Cow Blackbirds, a Rusty Blackbird, a Robin, a Black Duck & a Red-shouldered Hawk but without Bluebirds or Red wings. Spotted Titmice were out but no frogs were seen or heard.

Cambridge to Concord.

1895.

March 26

Clear with warm sun but threatening cold N. W. wind.

Starting at 8.15 a. m. I drove to Concord. It rained heavily last night and the roads were in very bad condition so that I had to walk the horse the greater part of the way and did not reach the stages until about noon. The woods are still buried deep in snow but the fields are everywhere bare and some of the more sheltered and sunny slopes the grass is already green. Song Sparrows and Doves were numerous everywhere and I saw a single Fox Sparrow in Lincoln but there were no Bluebirds. I fear the latter were nearly all destroyed in the Middle States during the severe weather last February. While I was at Washington (Feb. 14 to 18th) a great many were found dead in the neighborhood of that city.

After lunch I got out my canes and ambled them, giving one of them a coat of shellac. Song Sparrows were singing in every direction and seven Rusty Blackbirds were flapping along the edge of the water opposite the Buttricks' Cemetery.

Geo. Keys tells me that he paddled down to Carleton Bridge on the 24th but found the river below Boston thick with floating fields of ice. He saw about 100 ducks, the majority geese, he thinks. This afternoon the river and meadows seemed to be wholly free from ice as far as I could see from the Buttricks' hill.

1895

March 27

Clear with high N.W. wind. Cold in the early morning, ice forming in all the coves where the water was shallow & sheltered from the wind.

At 9. A. M. I started down river in the Stella Maris canoe. The current was swift and the wind strong so I made rapid progress taking nearly the whole distance to Swift's farm (George & Lawrence's) where I met the owner by appointment and inspected his premises which are for sale. I returned to the cabin at noon and dried there finding everything in good order. After dinner I walked a short distance through the woods behind the hill and then started for Concord Center about half-way up the meadows and paddling the remainder of the distance.

Although most of the meadows are flooded the water is unusually low for this season. I saw about twenty Black Ducks, eleven Whistlers and three Geese and two. The muskrat Mephitis have been very busy of late and I did not see a single muskrat although we doubt a few are left.

Long Sparrows were numerous everywhere and two Fox Sparrows were settling in the leaves near the cabin. Crows were very abundant but I saw none migrating. There were a few Tree Sparrows in the alder groups and I heard Rusty Blackbirds & saw a single Red-wing. The total absence of Bluebirds was a marked and sad feature. Not one has been seen in Concord this spring so far as I can learn & the farmers are wondering what has become of their favorite bird.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895.

March 30

Cloudless with raging N. wind. Early morning and late afternoon cold, in fanning on the sheltered coves of the flooded meadows. Midday warm in places protected from the wind.

Starting at 9 A.M. I sailed down to Ball's Hill and landing at the cabin spent the forenoon in trimming out the brush which has grown up around my little planted pines. Benson made me a visit and we had a long talk. After dinner I paddled down to the beach island and landing took a long walk about the Mason field and through Prescott's woods. Late in the afternoon I sailed home across the flooded meadows.

Small birds were either very scarce or in hiding. I saw only a pair or two of Chickadees, three or four Song Sparrows and a few Blue jays. There were a good many Crows and an unusual number of Hawks, three adult & one young Hawk, a pair of Red-shoulders, and a fair Red-tail. I did not see a single Duck.

Spring is very late this year. Indeed there are few signs of it as yet save the open water of the river and the presence of the Song Sparrows. The upland fields although bare are absolutely bare and lifeless. Excepting on Southern slopes the woods still lie buried deep in snow. The pussy willows are out and the maple blossoms are swelling & peeling the trees in dull crimson but not a single Wood Frog has ventured to peep as yet.

The Grouse at Ball's Hill have been roosting regularly this winter in the bushy pines over the pasture that leads to the swamp where they have resorted for the past two years. The snow beneath them this is deeply covered with their droppings.

Lowell, Massachusetts.

1895.

March 31

The snow with came in "like a bomb" and is going out
"like a win". Although the day was cloudless and the
sun brilliantly warm at noon the ground was frozen hard
& the meadows ~~thinned~~ ^{thinned} with ice this morning and all
day long the ^{North} wind roared across the brown, leafless fields
and roared through the naked, ~~thinning~~ ^{thinning} woods. It is true
that the Song Sparrows sang merrily ~~thawing~~ ^{thawing} the frozen
and I saw a Phoebe in the early morning but during
most of the day the aspect of the country seemed
and depressed me. The snow banks have lost their winter
purity and freshness and the bare fields & wooded slopes
look blacked and dreary enough. It little before sunset,
however, the wind lulled to a moderate breeze and to
my great delight Red-winged Blackbirds appeared. From
I know not where and, perched on the tops of the isolated
mounds and clumps along the river, made the air ring with
their ang-quas-ces. I had sailed down to Ball's Hill
in the early afternoon and was paddling homeward when
at the foot of Bonnell's bar I first heard this deep faint
spring voice and saw its author expand his wings to
show his brilliant epaulettes. Between this point and the
North Bridge I counted no less than seven Red-wings
all in full song.

A pair of Red-throated Hawks was harrying Holden's Hill.
As I passed their to-day, keeping close in shore to avoid the
wind, the female a fine large bird in full plumage ^{flew} ~~started~~
from an oak tree on the water ~~Harling~~ ^{Harling} me with
her shrill screaming. Rising above the trees she soared
gracefully upward screaming merrily and seeming to exult in
her struggle with the ~~win~~ ^{win} March wind. She held her prey in her ^{talon}
three from old dead ~~Islanders~~ ^{Islanders} & a pair of Thrushes were running well
out on the flooded meadows.

1895

April 4

Early morning clear and still. Remainder of day cloudy with a violent and very cold N. wind. Ground frozen & meadows shrouded in last night.

I woke soon after sunrise to hear a Robin (my first) in full song. Song Sparrows were also singing ~~and~~ Red-wings, Rusty, and Cross Black birds (apparently all together in a large flock) creaking, jingling and ~~con~~ ^{grr}-aw-ing. It was the first real burst of bird music that I have heard this spring.

When I came down to breakfast the wind had risen and the sky clouded over and on my way to Ball's Hill I saw almost no small birds and heard nothing but two or three Song Sparrows.

On reaching the cabin I looked down, I was even stooped for a walk. In the briar-grove thickets on the edge of the swamp were several Song Sparrows and a number of Fox Sparrows. One of the latter flew up into a maple and sang twenty or thirty times, sitting erect and still, the wind blowing his feathers about. His song was peculiarly tender & expressive with some unusual low, liquid notes near the end. I think I have never heard a Fox Sparrow sing so finely before.

Just beyond the swamp I flushed at least four Partridge from a thicket of young pines. I saw one bird run lightly across a patch of snow and then stand erect shaking his ruffs and quivering. At the Holed Hollow I came upon a fifth Partridge who seemed to have a broken wing for he ~~spring~~ ^{jumped} and attempted vainly to rise & finally ran off every now & then springing upward three or four feet & coming heavily to the ground again.

When I came up the hill at evening the wind had sunk to a steady breeze and Red-wings were singing in the tops of the maples. ^{Several} ~~Some~~ Muskrats were swimming about making their peculiar measuring calls. I am glad to see that some of them have escaped the hunters.

1898

April 5

Although the roads and flooded meadows froze hard last night and a keen and blasting north wind blew all day there was a subtle quality of spring in the air unlike anything that we have had before this season. The sun seemed warmer, the air balmer, there was more color in the landscape. The sky was cloudless up to 10 o'clock after which clouds gathered and drifted rapidly towards the south casting great shadows over the fields and hill-sides.

I went up river, taking my camera and sailing all the way to Hockham but landing repeatedly to take pictures. The strong wind drove the canoe through the water at a rapid rate of speed but it also interfered seriously with photography. I exposed a dozen plates, nevertheless, with fairly good results.

As I was at the boat house commencing the canoe I heard my first Bluebird, warbling on the hill near the Buttricks'. I afterwards heard another at Clam-shell Hill. A Kingfisher was flying about the North Bridge in the morning & again at evening. Four White-bellied Swallows were circling over the meadows near the Fenshels' landing and a flock of six Fox Sparrows scatered in the thicket at the pasture bars. I started four Partridges in the pine woods opposite the Cliffs landing and saw a fine Red-tailed Hawk soaring above the Cliffs, and very now and then pinning and hanging as if suspended by a wire merely attuning the adjustment of his wings & tail and making us uneasy. He would fix on one spot for nearly or quite a minute without flapping. I have seen a Red-tail do this only once before - at Newry Maine last September.

John Bush told me seeing a very white & mossed Hawk beating the meadow thickets - not a Duck all day. Seaward Hogs croaking at 1 P.M. under the shelter of Hoots Bridge canopy. They are the first Hogs I have heard this year.

Bluebird's
pinning

first Seaward
Hogs.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895-
April 6

Morning clear and calm. Afternoon cloudy with light S. to S.W. winds. The warmest day of the month thus far (ther 52° at noon).

Although it was an ideal morning for photography I was obliged to leave my camera at the house and hurry down to Ball's Hill to meet Peter who had agreed to let down well at the cabin. At dinner a Robin, a Meadow Lark and several Song Sparrows were singing close to the house and as I crossed the fields to the boat house I heard Song Sparrows & Red-wings in every direction besides a Phoebe for the first time this year.

As I was launching the canoe the howling of Geese attracted my attention and presently a flock of 18 appeared flying at a great height. When nearly overhead they began circling and another flock of 17 came in sight and joined them. The combined flock of 35 then went off eastward in a single line or column distributed out at right angles to the course of flight in with all the birds abreast. When nearly out of sight they again separated into two flocks of 18 & 17 birds respectively, one flock keeping on eastward, the other turning north. An hour later a flock of 27 Geese passed over Ball's Hill while I was at the cabin. Mr. Bretthick afterwards told me that a

flock of about 30 Geese passed over there from at 8 a.m. This makes four flocks for one day, an unusual number for these times.

My paddles down river was delighted for the air fairly rang with bird music the whole distance. Red-wings & Song Sparrows produced noise of it but I heard one Fox Sparrow and several Tree Sparrows. The country was simply swarming with birds - evidently a great migratory war.

Just below Ball's Hill I saw two boys covering their canoe with grass. They said there were down Geese on the meadows below the farm Davis's Hill. I could see over the cabin stretches of water and nothing was in sight except a mass

1898.

April 6
(No 2)

number of Geese scattered about in every direction the old ducks looking as big as swans, and nearly as white. When the boys came past I asked them further about their "Gus" and they replied that the birds they had seen could be nothing else for they were "fair white"! Of course they had never seen him in the big black Geese-barn on the Mill water. I called to the boys to let me see them, and pleasure until my young geese disturbed them. There must have been at least fifty of them and they admired the great sheet of water wonderfully by their presence, and recalled the old days when such fights were common on Barnard River in early spring. One pair of birds were swimming near shore within (yards) of us, the others were scattered all the way down to near Caribou Bridge. They cawed and beat the water with their wings as they chased one another in play. Finally the pair near us saw or heard me and flew starting up all the others but they alighted again after circling a few times. The boys soon afterwards scattered & drove them all off but during the second half of the day they were continually flying up & down past the cabin in small flocks & one pair alighted & stood on the meadows opposite.

The evening was gray and still with warm damp air. There was little singing until I heard the Buttricks when I heard Robins in every direction - three or four at once - the first real Robin heard of this year.

Stepping out of doors at 8.30 P.M. I heard a Hyla, the first, purring somewhat faintly & intermittingly in the direction of Mill Brook. (Barnard Frogs were singing in numbers at noon). Mr. Buttrick afterwards told me that at 9 P.M. this evening he heard a single whinnying at about regular intervals on the Mill Brook meadow.

1895.

April 17

Monday, 14th March at 3:00 P.M. 1. Later on at 4 P.M.

I did not leave my house until about 10 A.M. and in the early forenoon and gave a dinner at the cabin to the young ladies of the Hayes family. Red-wings and Song Sparrows sang all day long and I heard a Phoebe and a Bluebird at "Uncle's Bridge". The Osprey was circling over Mill Brook meadows when I started & I saw either the same bird or another at the ~~that~~ ^{place} perched on a maple. He ~~to the~~ he carried with him in his talons, a large fish.

A pair of Red-throated Hawks were to be observed in numbers on Ball's Hill and I think that they are endeavoring to breed there. As I passed this morning the female came flying in over the meadows and alighted within two feet of her nest on the branch of a tall chestnut when both ~~the~~ screaming loudly until I was out of sight. I noticed a nest the other day which I suspect is theirs as I have never seen it before but it is curiously placed for a Hawk's nest - well out on the horizontal branch of a white pine. There were several fresh Hawk droppings directly beneath it. Geese were seen flying about our dog, and a flock of ten Golden-eyes passed high over Ball's Hill. Their wings whistled so loudly that we could hear the sound distinctly when the birds were fully a mile away.

After my guests had departed I was sitting on the grass on the crest of Ball's Hill when, to my great surprise, a Barred Owl hooted six or eight times in quick succession. He seemed to be in one of the large maples on the Bedford shore directly opposite the cabin but I could not see him. I do not remember ever hearing one of these Owls hoot before in or near Concord.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895

April 16

Cloudy and cold with strong N. E. wind a fine rain. At ~~4~~ 5 P. M. the sky cleared and the sun came out.

After spending a week at Cambridge I returned here on the evening of the 13th. It rained heavily (2 1/2 inches according to the newspapers report) on the 14th and yesterday was also cloudy with light rain. The river has risen at least two feet in the last three days and the meadows are all flooded again & more deeply than ever. Practically all the snow & ice has disappeared even in the woods.

I spent today at Ball's Hill planting a number of pines & small hemlocks. A muskrat trapper had set a line of traps entirely around my land but I easily persuaded him to remove them by paying him 75¢ as an inducement. He was a Frenchman, a rather fine-looking old fellow with gray beard, cool, military bearing & unharmed face. He had lost a leg, in the French army, he told me. Early in the afternoon I heard a Carolina Gull give the Cuckoo call & presently saw the bird swimming near the bottom bushes opposite the cabin.

I started for home at 5 P. M. The wind had changed to north & back to ^{light} N. by dusk. I had sailed about half-a-mile when I discovered two Canada Geese swimming near the middle of Great Meadows. Hauling in the sheet & steering carefully so as to keep them nearly covered by the sail I actually got within less than 40 yards before they rose, which they did rather heavily striking the water with their feet at first & creaking (oc oc-oc) a few times, then great wings making a puff-puff-puffing sound. They carried their heads low when swimming, that I at first took them for Black Ducks but they tilted their heads up with just a few

List of Birds seen at Barnstable, Massachusetts.

1895 "H." before the list number indicates that the species was seen in the big Herony!
May 17

1. Merula migratoria. Two or three pairs in village - none seen on the Neck
- H. 2. Parus atricapillus. Two in herony on the Neck.
- H. 3. Dendroica aestiva. About 2½ males on the Neck
- H. 4. " vigorsii Two males singing " " "
- H. 5. Spinus amoenus Four or five " " " "
- H. 6. Melospiza fasciata Eight or ten. " " " "
7. Icterus galbula. One male singing in the village
8. Agelaius phoeniceus. About thirty or forty seen on the Neck.
10. Luscinia s. cinerea. " 75 or 80 breeding on Neck. Examined 8 or 10 nests one with 1 egg all the others unfinished or empty; built in red cedars and deciduous bushes in swampy hollow in sand-hills 5 to 20 ft. above ground.
- H. 11. Corvus americanus. Two birds about old nest on edge of Herony on Neck.
[Sturnella magna. One seen at W. Barnstable May 20 none elsewhere on Cape]
12. Tyrannus carolinensis. Three or four on Neck.
13. Colaptes auratus. Bird flitted from nest in wall of small, deserted house.
14. Agelaius phoeniceus. Two in flock of V. minutilla on marshes
15. " melodia. Solitary bird on sea beach of Neck.
16. Tringa minutilla. About 6 flocks of 8 to 30 birds on marshes. Flock of 15 f. seen May 20.
17. Calidris arenaria. Flock of 30 & another of 3 birds sea beach of Neck.
18. Soturus melanotus. About 20 birds (1 to 5 together) Flocks of 7 & 3 birds May 20 f. seen.
19. Poocana carolin. One singing at evening in fork marsh near village
found nest with broken egg last year
20. Ardea virescens. About 6 on Neck & marshes Nest 1 egg on brick in hollow shore.
21. Nycticorax naevia. Herony about ½ mile N. of that of 1894, in dense woods chiefly pitch pine with ^{red} oaks & gray birches. Trees 15 to 35 ft. One to four or five nests in nearly every tree one a nest of 3 or 4 eggs. 7 to 30 ft. above the ground. Practically every nest held 3 to 5 eggs. About 1100 nests & 2000 birds.
22. Corvus sinuatus. Flock of about 50 in harbor.
23. Ureaster berytus. One "holling" at evening in "
24. Mergus serrator. Three off sea beach of Neck
25. Falco sparverius. Flock of 4 flying " "

List of Birds noted at Provincetown, Massachusetts

1895.

May 18

1. Murela migratoria. Two or three in outskirts of village.
2. Parus atricapillus. - A flock of a dozen or more (counted 12) accompanied by several Hawks (D. virens et discolor) in pitch pine woods. They behaved precisely like winter birds.
3. Galioptes carolinensis. A ♂ singing in bushy hollow.
4. Dendroica aestiva. Four or five in bushy hollows apparently settled for the season.
5. " virens. Two ♂♂ in flock of a dozen or more Chickadees.
6. " discolor. One ♂ " " " " " " " "
7. Geothlypis trichas. Two ♂♂ singing, one in bushes, the other in marsh.
8. Spinus amercapillus " " " in pitch pine & oak woods.
9. Tachycineta bicolor. Three flying over pond.
10. Chelidon erythrogaster. Two " " "
11. Cyanocitta cristata. One screaming in pitch pine woods.
12. Colaptes auratus. One thrashing. Old nest in Elaphoglossa hole near by.
13. Passer domesticus. Rather numerous in the village.

List of Birds noted in or about the Old Pond marsh, N. Inns, Massachusetts.

1895

May 19, 20

1. *Dendroica aestiva*. Two or three in thickets on edge of marsh & on islands in marsh.
2. *Geothlypis trichas* *thraupis* " " " " " " & in Cat Tail beds.
3. *Tachycineta bicolor*. Six or eight flying over the pond & marsh.
4. *Petrochelidon lunifrons* " " " " " " " " " "
5. *Archibuteo lagopus* *lagopus* *lagopus* " " " " " " " " " "
6. *Circus hudsonius* Ten " " " " " " " " " "
7. *Sparus tristis*. One in field on edge of marsh May 20.
8. *Melospiza fasciata* Eight or ten in thickets & cat tail beds on marsh.
9. " *gorgans*. One started May 19 in cat-tails in marsh. *See identified*.
10. *Anas boschas*. Two males flying in back grass between pond & bay.
11. *Lyrurus tyrannus*. Two on edge of marsh May 19 & 20.
12. *Chondestes pelagicus* One flying over pond May 19.
13. *Ceryle alcyon* " " " " " " 18
14. *Circus hudsonius* ♀ flying over marsh May 19 & over pond & bay May 20.
found about 1/2 the water bed 1 to 2 ft. deep. The other was building.
15. *Agelaius phoeniceus*. Not more than 13 to 20 birds seen other day but nearly as many nests,
in marsh 1 to 2 ft. above ground.
16. *Luscinia sylvia* (?) About 15 birds. Not 5 inc. eggs May 19. Some empty nests. All in fledge.
17. *Circus americanus*. One bird on 19th & 20th. The bird is now in marsh on the Cape.
18. *Tringa minutilla*. A small flock May 20.
19. *Sturnus melanurus*. Flock of 5 flying over pond May 19.
20. *Rallus virginianus*. About 6 heard May 19 & 4 or 5 on the 20th. *Several empty nests. Nest 1 broken fresh egg May 19*
21. *Poocana carolinensis*. Heard about 8 on the 19th & 6 on the 20th. No nests found.
22. *Gallinula galeata* " " 10 " " " " 4 " " " " One empty nest.
23. "Big Grouse" (*Rallus obsoletus*?). Two heard on 19th. Notes more like house quail of duck
nest with shells of fresh egg seen May 19.
24. *Botaurus lentiginosus*. Three pumping, four seen May 19. One pumping 2 seen May 20. One
25. *Ardetta ibis*. Neither seen nor heard, but nest with fresh egg shells found May 19. A
few rods distant another nest about 1/2 finished. The latter photographed
26. *Ardea herodias*. One flying high over pond May 19.
27. *Larus marinus*. One adult with Herring Gulls May 20.
28. " *a. irroratus*. Hundreds of 1000 largely immature "bedded in" pond on sandbars
29. *Sterna caesia*. Heard May 19, three adults seen & heard May 20 fishing on pond.

Brevoort Hill, Warren, N. H.

1895

May 28th

June 7

On May 28th I went to Brevoort Point, N. H. where I joined Messrs Walter and Charles E. Faxon. The latter had been there about a week. The former went to North Woodstock on the 16th (May) and after spending four days there settled at Merrill's at Brevoort Point on the 20th. On first reaching North Woodstock he found the weather very cold and birds scarce. During the next ten days the bulk of the summer birds came but there was scarcely any appreciable migration of species bound farther north, a Lincoln's Finch and two White-crowned Sparrows being the only migrants of especial interest noted.

During my stay I devoted so much time to taking photographs that I was unable to keep a daily journal but this proved scarcely necessary for I made but few observations which would have been worth recording. I went up the mountain twice - on June 1st to the second mile post, on June 6th to the Cold Spring. On the first occasion I went alone and walked both ways. On the second Merrill drove me to the 3rd mile post where I joined the Faxons and walked with them to the Cold Spring & back to Merrill's. This second trip was unsuccessful in every way for the mountain was so enveloped in clouds that I made only a few photographs and we found no interesting birds or nests.

The Faxons had been up twice before on May 20 when they found ^{two} a Hudsonian Chickadee and a ♀ Spruce Parula. On the 21st they found no Chickadees, but on the 30th May when they found Chickadees numerous but saw nothing else of peculiar interest.

Brewer Point, Warren, N.H.

1885

May 28th 6

June 8

(No 2)

James, White-throated Sparrows, Yellow-rumped Warblers, Solitary Orioles, Winter Wrens, and Hermit Thrushes must have come dangerously near total extinction in the South last winter for they were all very scarce this season in the country about Warren. Faxon saw three Bluebirds in the Penikeseville Valley but we found none in Warren. The other birds were in many the same numbers as last year excepting the Morning Warblers, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks & Black-bellied Cuckoos which were less numerous and the Bay-breasted Warblers which we could not find at all.

We found two singing Woodpeckers, one in the pasture below the Brewer Point House (not far from where we saw the young Woodpecker last year) the other across the river. The latter bird sang up to June 6th, the former was singing on the evening of May 24th when we paid him our last visit.

The past year has brought us changes to the country around Murrells. The forest on the sides of Moorlands was untouched (they are planning to attack it next winter or here), the park-like woods between the Brewer Point House and the river were as beautiful as ever, our evening walks to the high bridge over the river were as delightful as last year save for the sad scarcity of Hermits and Peabody-birds. The Swainson's Thrushes, however, were in their usual numbers and their evening concerts in the darkening Spruce woods were a constant delight to our senses.

We had a good deal of rainy or cloudy weather this year but managed to get out for at least a portion of every day.

Brevo Point, Warren, N. H.

1895.

May 20 to June 7 Nominal List of Birds observed (Fuller data on slips in note pockets) by W. & C. E. Fayon & W. Brewster.

- 1 *Murela migratoria*
- 2 [*Larus mustelinus* - Two males heard flying by Fayon, June 1, Hardswick - about 2000 ft]
- 3 " *fuscus*
- 4 " *polladii*
- 5 " *harrisi*
- 6 *Sialia harrisii*
- 7 *Galeoscoptes carolinensis*
- 8 *Harporhynchus rufus*
- 9 *Troglodytes hyemalis*
- 10 *Regulus satrapa*
12. *Ceuthra americana*
- 13 *Parus atricapillus*
- 14 " *hudsonicus*
15. *Sitta carolinensis*
16. " *canadensis*
17. *Miniotilta varia*
18. *Helminthophila ruficapilla*
19. " *pergama*
- 20 *Empidonax hammondi*
- 21 *Dendroica virens*
- 22 " *pernigramma*
- 23 " *maculosa*
- 24 " *blackburniana*
- 25 " *catenulascens*
- 26 " *coronata*
- [" *castanea*
- 27 " *caerulea*

Brevy Point, Warren, N.H.

1895.

Mar 20th

Run:

- [*Dendroica aestiva* - Plymouth, N.H. 3rd May 20, 18th June 2/
- 28 *Pinus strobus*
[" *noveboracensis* Franconia Notch, May 19, 8th - W. T. Aspell
- 29 *Geothlypis philadelphia*
30 " *trichas*
31 *Sylvania carolinensis*
32 " *pusilla*
33. *Setophaga ruticilla*
34 *Vireo olivaceus*
35 " *islandicus*
36 " *gilvus*
37 *Turdus cinerea bicolor*
38 *Petrochelidon lunifrons*
39 *Chelidon cyathrogastra*
40 *Chondestes riparia*
41 *Ampelis cedrorum*
42 *Piranga erythromelas*
43. *Carpodacus mexicanus*
44. *Doxia minor*
45. *Spirus tristis*
46 " *pinus*
47 *Boccetes gramineus*
48 *Ammodramus savaana*
49 *Sporilla sociabilis*
50 " *pusilla*
51 *Tamus hyemalis*
52 *Melospiza fasciata*
[" *lincolni*

Heavy Point, Warren, N. H.

1895

May 20 to

June 7

- 53 *Zonotrichia albicollis*
- 53 " *leucophrys*
- 53 *Habia ludoviciana*
- 54 *Passerina cyanea*
- 55 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*
- 56 *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*
- 57 *Seturus gambula*
- 58 *Corvus americanus*
- 59 *Cyanocitta cristata*
- 60 *Perisoreus canadensis*
- 61 *Dryobates villosus*
- 62 " *pubescens*
- 63 *Spizopicus varius*
- 64 *Dendroica pileata*
- 65 *Colaptes auratus*
- 66 *Chactura pelagica*
- 67 *Ischnura elegans*
- 68 *Ceryle alcyon*
- 69 *Anthus trivialis*
- 70 *Chondestes virginicus*
- 71 *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*
- 72 *Agelaius phoeniceus*
- 73 *Myiarchus cinerascens*
- 74 *Sayornis phoebe*
- 75 *Contopus borealis*
- 76 " *viridis*
- 77 *Empidonax minimus*
- 78 " *traillii abnormis*

May, 1905, Harum, N.H.

1898.
May 20 to
June 7

- 79 Empidonax flaviventris
80 Gyrinus rebusum
81 Megascops asio Mounted specimen in collection village taxidermist
82 Buteo borealis
83 " Catissimus
84 Bonasa umbellus?
85 Phalacrocorax minor
86 Rhyacionia latissima
87 Ichneumon maculatus
88 Mamestra americana Mounted specimen (8 in) collection village taxidermist
89 Lophodolus curvatus " " (Bad) " " "
90 Alta nigricans " " ad, full " " "
91 Canis canadensis

Tal. mouth, Mass.

1895
July 20

I came here from Cambridge on the 11th but not feeling at all well I have spent most of my time indoors and hence have made few observations worth recording.

On my arrival I found a pair of Red-winged Blackbirds Red-wings established in a belt of ornamental shrubbery which separates the yard from a small clothes yard of the house with over from an ornamental lawn beyond. The gardener employed on the place shrubbery told me that they had been there consistently for the past two or three weeks. On the 13th in company with E. R. S. I made a careful search for their nest but failed to find it. He, however, discovered two of their young, barely half grown and unable, evidently (we did not find them to the tail), to fly more than a few yards at a time, perched close together on the branch of a maple. The old birds fed them at frequent intervals up to the 17th when the whole family departed. It was odd to hear the song of the male in such a place. He sang, regularly, each morning as long as it was in season.

In this piece of shrubbery, only about 80 ft. long by 15 to 30 ft. in width, we found two empty Robin's nests, an empty nest in the latter with young. The Chiffy's nest was actually on the same branch with, and not over three feet from, one of the Robin nests, which although apparently empty (I could not examine it without injuring the tree, a young English elm) was a this year's nest. The Song Sparrow's nest was in a similar bush.

Although two cots are kept at a house diagonally across the street they do not appear to cross this slight barrier possibly because of the numerous dogs which are constantly traversing it. At all events we have as yet seen no cots in the shrubbery & I found no tracks there.

Falmouth, Mass.

1895

July 20 (W.S.) Several Savanna and vesper Sparrows and a little family party of four Meadow Larks. Two or three other birds were perched on fence posts, as many Barn Swallows were courting above the shelter and a flock of Red-wings, nearly all young birds, were whirling about. The cool, sweet south west wind kept the birds in constant motion.

About the shores of the fresh water pond Song Sparrows were singing freely and two Kingfishers were chasing one another up and down, back & forth, post & over the bill of tripods on my right.

The "Blackbird Swamp", where I first reached it about an hour before sunset, was literally swarming with Robins, Grackles at Blackbird and Red-wings and several Yellow Warblers were singing there. Both Robins & Red-wings were singing loudly in great numbers, perched on the tops of the white cedars and black and gliding of wings was incessant as the birds flew from a branch to branch or pitched down from the air above. I returned to the place later in the evening in search of the little Black Sparrow which I had lost there (he was bitten by something, perhaps a snake, and ran away afterwards turning up in an exhausted condition at a distant house) and found the Blackbirds going to roost among the cedars and the flight of whistling Robins warning as the last birds that were down across the bushy pasture. A Barn Swallow came past me within a few yards & I am positive that he alighted among the cedars as I should have seen him as the sky had been so dark. A Green Heron also came in & alighted. Thus at last for Sparrows came to this place expressly to roost beside the Yellow Warblers, Song Sparrows & Maryland Yellow-throats which live there.

(1) I crossed the fields on my way home in the twilight a light drizzle was falling. I saw the first streaks & knew where the Blackbirds had been before, which was the day.

Boston to Bethel.

1895.

Aug. 28

Clear and warm.

I left Boston this morning on my annual trip to Lake Umbagog, traveling by way of the Eastern R.R. and Grand Junction as usual.

The country is unusually green and fresh-looking for the season as there have been frequent heavy rains this month. An occasionally mope standing on wet ground had already begun to turn but for the greater part of the way we looked in vain for any signs of autumn coloring.

Condition of
vegetation.

Birds appeared to be very scarce. At best I saw about none from the car windows, then Kingbirds at South Paris, and a dozen night hawks near Myrta's Pond being all that I remember. The night hawks were flying high in a compact flock and were doubtless migrating although they were moving towards the S. It was a little after 4 P.M. and the sun was shining bright & warm. At sunset I saw five more night hawks flying south over Bethel Hill.

Scarcity of
small birds

There were but few people at the Bethel House but among them I was glad to find my old friend Walter Brockwell just back from his salmon fishing on the Margaret River. He tells me that Wilsons Ptarmigan occur there irregularly in winter often in very large numbers. His guides save the wings of some of them that they kill and use them for brushes etc. at his camp. Robins occasionally winter there in large flocks.

Sceloporus albusMerula
migratoria

Bethel to Lakeside

1895.

Aug. 29

A warm rain through the forenoon & a cloudy afternoon with occasional light showers. The day ending with a glorious sunset the clouds breaking and rolling up and back like great folds of drapery, letting the luminous stream through on the dewed fields and drooping woods.

I left Bethel at noon and started for the lake by the regular stage being the only passage. The roads were muddy & heavy and the aspect of the country gloomy & depressing for most of the mountains were cloud-capped and the light was dull & gray. We reached Poplar Lake at 2 P. M. and dined there. A Cat-bird and two or three King birds with several Cat-bird great flocks of Chipping Sparrows were seen along the road.

In the North we saw a Hummingbird and a Maryland Yellowthroat. ~~But~~ But Brooks's then a few Swallows were flying about but none came near enough to be certainly identified. They looked like Barn Swallows.

There were more large flocks of Chipping Sparrows flying up from the wood and alighting in the apple orchards and thickets of bushes along the fences, a little party of three Kingbirds, scattered Song Sparrows and Grass Finches, a Golden-crowned Kinglet calling among some pines, but only a high juncos for the whole thirty miles and no large birds of any kind except for a six Crows.

Chipping
Sparrows

The clouds began breaking away & the sun came out before we reached Upton & the whole lake valley when we first looked down upon it was a glorious panorama of shifting lights & colors as the heavy cloud masses drifted pasted and swept majestically across the scene. It was nearly dark when we reached Lakeside.

The lake
at sunset
from
Upton Hill

1898.
Aug. 30

A perfect day with wonderful, clear air and brilliant
lights on the mountains & woods.

Mr. Sherman & Jim Perrier arrived soon after breakfast
and we had a long talk. There has been several interesting
changes here since last year. Elliott Rich has left Lakeside and
Frank Chandler who used to keep the Brown farm has taken
his place. Coc, the lumber king, has bought all the farms
in Cambridge except Lakeside and it is believed that he
has sold the entire township with this exception to the
lumber men who have been cutting off "Success" and others,
it is rumored, will extend their lumber railroad to
Sage's Cove before next season and bring ruin and
devastation to the shores of this Lake.

There has been another epidemic among the Umbagog pickered.
When they are broken up last spring they were found dead
and dying all around the Lake, and in places the shores
were thickly strewn with them. Mr. Sherman believes that all
except a few of the smaller ones perished in the course of a
few weeks. As a rule they bore no evident marks of injury
or disease but ~~has~~ examined one or two which had red
blackheads on the head just above the gills. When dying they
darted about and thrust their heads out of water as if in great
pain. Only two are known to have been caught in the
Lake this summer but they are said to be coming in
now from the Megalloway River where the epidemic did
not extend. There was nothing unusual in the appearance
of the water of the Lake this year but nearly all the boys
who bathed in it were affected by a red rash (and as
Coc did this attack anyone who did not bathe) and the lumbermen
found that the water made slight cuts & scratches fester badly.

Mr. Sherman
Frank Chandler
Success Elliott
Rich as Lakeside
as Lakeside

Coc, the
"lumber king",
buys all
the farms in
Cambridge except
Lakeside

Pickered
decimated by
a second
epidemic.

1895
Aug. 30
(no 2)

very curiously, however, no fish except the Pickeral were affected. At least none were found dead or dying and there are now as many Chub, Guppies, Minnows & Trout as usual. The Lake was frozen more solidly and for a longer period than usual last winter i.e. the greater part - or at least a large part - of the Pickeral did not perish until after the ice had gone.

Trip to
Baker House.

At about 10 A. M. we rowed over to Upton, the saw an unusual number of ~~water~~ Birds of prey, two or three Eagles, two Ospreys, two Marsh Hawks, a pair of Sparrow Hawks, and one of the Large Hawks, just before we started an adult of *Buteo latissimus* came soaring over the fields in front of the house.

Large Birds on
the Cambridge
River marshes.

Near Peaslee's turn five saw two Black Ducks swim into the grass & paddling to the first we flushed seven of them birds. After inspecting the three new birds that five had & after for a while, the four birds. I took a few photographs and dined at the Baker House. There were quantities of small birds in the alders by the river, in the bog behind the barn and in the beds of rank weeds that have grown up about the cellar where the Umbagog House formerly stood. The place last summer appeared some thing attractive to ^{one} a dozen or more Red Crossbills which were accompanied by a pair of White-winged Crossbills and a single Pine Siskin. They clustered thickly together on a space of bare ground where they seemed to be scooping up the earth with their bills & swallowing it in large mouthfuls. Standing within a few yards of them & using my glass I became satisfied that it was actually the earth which they were eating. Probably salt had been thrown there. All the

Black Ducks

Small Birds
near Baker House

Large ~~minors~~
at Cambridge

1895-

Aug. 30

(No 3)

Crossbills, as I convinced myself by a close & systematic inspection of each member of the flock in turn, were old birds and the males were in full red plumage. When, as happened very few minutes - for they were very restless and unusually shy for Crossbills, the flock took alarm at some real or imaginary danger and flew up into the scorched and leafless paper birches which used to shade the Umbagog House but which are now all nearly or quite dead. The Red Crossbills would begin singing and keep it up with brief intermissions for several minutes sometimes only one singing at a time but usually two or three mingling their voices in a muddled like Goldfinches in early spring. This song was new to me. It began with three or four full, sweet notes very much like those of the Goldfinch and ended with an equal number of comparatively harsh yet by no means unpleasant notes which at once recalled the prominent ones in the song of the Seaside Finch. As a whole the song was short, loud, decidedly Finch like in character, & rather unusual and pleasing. It was wholly unlike the low, subdued strain we sometimes hear from this Crossbill in Mass. in spring. Whether it is the full song or not I cannot tell but in addition to the fact that the birds were singing so freely I saw one pair engaged in copulating! Hence it seems only reasonable to assume that the flock - which by the way was evenly divided as to sex - represented a little colony of breeding birds.

The White-winged Crossbills uttered only their usual chattering flight notes.

Song of
Loxia rupestris

(Copy)

Loxia
rupestris

The old elm by the river is half dead (a Kingfisher sat perched on it as of yore) and the fine, tall white pine near it, died only a month or two ago & has not yet shed its brown & withered foliage.

1895.

Aug. 30
(hr 4)

Kalbaride

Jim rowed me back to Kalbaride in the afternoon and a little before sunset I walked down the road past Mr. Sweats and turning into the pasture beyond the brook followed a narrow trail that led through dense spruce woods to a pasture on the hillside beyond. There was not so much as a breath of wind and in the still, clear air every sound of bird, beast & insect could be heard at an unusual distance. The barking of Red Squirrels, the chattering of Chipmunks and the nasal whining of Nuthatches (*Sitta canadensis*) came almost incessantly from every side. Now & then a Jay screamed or a Thrush (*T. swainsoni*) uttered its liquid peent. A Caper Partridge flew suddenly from a log (where it had doubtless gone to drum, for it was a "drumming log") within two or three yards of the path. Much of the way the woods were silent & lifeless. The foliage is still as green as in midsummer in most places but a few leaves are beginning to turn.

Stroll through
pasture near
Sweats

Sounds

Foliage

On my return just as I reached the road I saw a small bird fly into a thicket of *Salix* species. I made a low creeping when the bird at once showed itself, at first peeping out shyly from the foliage but finally hopping out on a nearly leafless branch where it permitted me to look at it for a minute or more through my glass from a distance of only six or eight paces. It was an Orange crowned Warbler in full autumnal plumage, apparently a female for it had but little yellow on the under parts & that confined to the breast. There was another small warbler in the same bush which I am practically certain was also *H. alata* but which I cannot claim to have identified with absolute certainty. Both birds behaved precisely alike hopping & flitting (from my

Helminthophila

1160

1895

Aug. 30
(No 5)

Lakeside

H. Calala

to try in the most active manner. Both flitted their wings nervously like Thrushes and wagged their tails slightly but unmistakably much in the manner of the Nashville Warbler.

The one which I did not fully identify would not show itself fairly but I saw enough of it to feel ^{sure} that it was the same as the other. Both birds were wholly silent.

After the sun had set a Night hawk appeared on the Lake and a Wilson's Thrush called a number of times in the thickets near the Thomas Landing.

Chipmunks have been exceedingly scarce this year in Eastern Massachusetts. Indeed I saw only one at Concord in April & May and but one or two were met with by Taxon & me while we were at Merrill's at Boston N. H. in late May & early June. Mr. Merrill told us that they had been very numerous there the preceding autumn (they were certainly swarming in June 1894) but that there were no fresh nests and but little food of any kind & he thinks they were unable to lay up anything for the winter & hence starved in their dens.

Here they appear to be in their usual numbers. I saw three during my walk this afternoon & heard several others. Red Squirrels are also here in abundance.

1895
Aug. 31

Peabeside.

I was out clear this morning but the sky cloudy & before nine o'clock and it began raining heavily at noon & continued until nearly sunset.

In the forenoon I walked along the road to the stream opening & then turned into the pasture on the left and looked down to the lake then when I took some photographs.

Walk to stream

There were a good many small birds in the roadside thickets and one large mixed flock in the woods. But I identified only a few species among them than White-throated Sparrows, then juncos, a Black & Yellow Warbler, then Maryland Yellow-throats (one an adult ♂), several Red-bellied Nuthatches, Chickadees etc.

Small birds

Crows were seldom out of sight & hearing but I noted only Loxia minor to-day.

Crows

Eagles are very numerous. There were four in sight at one time to-day from the hotel piazza, two of them old birds.

Eagles numerous

~~A flock of eight~~: At about 9 A. M. I heard the chirp of Robins very faintly & looking up saw a flock of eight whirling about at an immense height, looking, in fact, no larger than a many specks of dust. Had the sky been blue instead of grayish white these birds could not possibly have been seen.

Robins

With the rain came a perfect swarm of Swallows - fully fifty of which four or five were Barn Swallows, one or two White-bellies and all the rest Barn Swallows. They perched in a long row on a fence rail where four Kingbirds joined them. When the rain slackened they would scatter & fly about over the fields. They all left before sunset.

Swallows

1898.
Sept. 1

Clear and cool with high N. W. wind.

Jim Bernier came to Lakeside at about 10 A. M. and we at once started for the Lake House taking both cameras and lunch. The wind was fair and strong and we made the distance very quickly under full sail seeing nothing but a boat of mine that Dr. D. and an Osprey or two.

Trip to the
Lake House
up the
Cambridge River

In reaching the Lake House we found the old, forlorn path to the upper boat landing where Jim presently joined me with the new hunting boat and we started up the Cambridge. This quiet little river has quite recovered its old-time beauty for the alders, willows and other bushes along the banks which were cut down by the river drivers ten or twelve years ago have grown up to their full size again and overhang the water in great profusion.

Cambridge
River

It was a bad day for birds for the wind whisked over the water without leaving much of the foliage to life as well as downed nearly all birds. but nevertheless we saw, on our way to B. Meadows, a number of Crossbills, Chickadees, Song Sparrows & other common birds besides a female Wood Duck, a Great Blue Heron, a Broad-winged Hawk, a Pileated Woodpecker, and a solitary Sandpiper.

Birds seen
Crossbills
Wood Duck
Heron,
Broad-winged Hawk,
Pileated W.

We hunted on the sand bar at the forks and then started back, seeing on the return two Wood Ducks (both old drakes in a plumage intermediate between the plain winter dress and the gorgeous autumnal feathering) two Solitary Sandpipers, a Spotted Sandpiper and a few common small birds. The Wood Ducks were feeding together among some lily pads & I had a good long look

Wood Duck
drakes in
"intermediate" plumage

Cambridge, Maine

1898

Sept. 1

(Wed.)

at them through the glass before this, took wing
Charles Brown who preceded us both wings started a flock
of six Quacks on his way up stream & shot a solitary
Black Duck coming down. He saw a young Great Horned Owl
which some one had wantonly killed and left lying on the
bank a little below the forks. I took eleven photographs
in all, one of B. meadows which has not changed in the
last time I first saw it in 1872.

Photographing

On getting back to the mill I went to the cellar of
the Umbagog House and found a nest of Crossbills
on the second floor of the ground cellar. I saw the nest
days ago. There were four C. leucophaea (three ♂♂ & a ♀) and
about a dozen C. virens around thickly trodden on a space
of less than a square foot all busily engaged in working at
hallowing large mouthfuls of the soil. I made sure this
time that they were really eating it. On examining the
spot closely after they had flown I found innumerable holes
and short furrows made by their bills. When they flew
up into the dead briches the Red Crossbills sang freely as
on my first visit. There were no young birds of either species.
Crossbills are evidently very numerous this autumn. I see
or hear them everywhere & which up the Cambridge to-day
we were rarely out of sound of their piping. Their abundance
is evidently due to the fact that the Spruces and Balsams
are loaded with cones which are fast turning brown.

Crossbills

I heard a bird call out to me to-day, a succession of
loud but short, barking cries. The author was apparently in
some large briches near the river but we could not get sight of him.
I sailed back to Lakeside about late in afternoon.

A. V. S.

1895.

Sept. 2

Clear with strong N. W. wind.

Pine Point

With Jim Bernier I left Sallade this morning on the new steamer "Cambridge", a stern wheel boat about double the ton of the "Asterbrook" but of very much lighter draught, built originally to run on the Andersons. She is the property of Charlie Douglas, the Andersons' Baker Transportation Company having ceased to run their boats on this Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley (from Meriden, Conn.) who have been staying at Sallade & Dr. Woodwell of Bethel were the only other passengers. We reached Pine Point at about 8.30 A.M. and found that Charlie Edswell and Will. Jorgens who had preceded us on Saturday (August 31) had the tents up and everything about the camp in fairly good order.

Open the
camp on
Pine Point

I spent most of the day unpacking and arranging my personal effects and laying out work for the men but later in the afternoon I took a shore boat in the cruising course across the Lake to the Outlet & Moose Point but seeing nothing of interest except a Blue Heron, a Black Duck & three White-bellied Swallows. C. & E. R. S. arrived on the steamer at about 7 P.M. They left Boston on Saturday spent Sunday at Rangely and came down across all the Lakes & over the Poplar River Carry to-day.

SailingFree Swallow

The Point has not changed in the least since last year. No trace of any ice here since or fallen & one path as clear & firm. Some vandals from Upton killed all our Partridges last autumn I hear. I examined the clearing by carefully & for a no signs of a bird's recent presence. During the night (moonlight) I heard a Barred Owl & a Crow.

Our feet
Partridge,
the old
chickens,
gone

1878
Sept. 3

Pine Point

Cloudless with strong but somewhat steady S. wind. Hummer,
ther. 68° at noon.

Warblers were migrating in some numbers last night
and a mixed flock of about thirty birds spent the
day in the birch grove on the Point "drifting" back
& forth & feeding busily from morning until night. I
revised them carefully & identified Parus atricapillus (6 or 8),
Gitta canadensis (3 or 4), Empidonax striata (2 juv), ~~Camp~~ D.
viridis (1), D. caeruleus (1 ad. ♂), Geothlypis americana (2 juv),
Helminthophila ruficapilla (1), Vireo olivaceus (2 or 3), Regulus
saturatus (5 or 6). One of the Vireos sang lustily at intervals.

Birds about
camp.

I spent most of the day at camp but late in
the afternoon walked with C. & E. R. S. to Asbestos Point.

Still later we sailed across to Moose Point in one of
the large new boats. It was delightful on our back
the wind having fallen to a gentle & refreshing soft
balmy breeze. The mountains were veiled in a blue-colored
haze.

Although the moon was full & the night clear & still
we heard no Owls. Great Horned Owls, however, were
continually passing & re-passing the Point during the
hours when I was awake.

Gr. Heron
Heron on
rocks

1893.

Sept. 4

Pine Point.

Clear with light S. wind. Much warmer. Ther 80° at 1 P.M.

Spent most of the day at camp working on the new deck room with the men. Late in the afternoon walked with C. & E. R. S. to Asbestos Point seeing a female Partridge in the path near the Spring.

A small mixed flock of Littorin, Partridges etc. Spent the day in the birds given on the Point but I could find nothing about camp or within any of them.

Small Birds

about camp

Hylas and Wood Frogs called & croaked generally during the afternoon & I heard one Bull Frog bellowing lustily in the back of the Outlet.

Frogs

Soon after sunset I went with E. R. S. to the end of the Point and sat there on the rocks until it was nearly dark. Three or four Hermes passed flying so low over the water that the tips of their wings ruffled its glassy surface. The grackling of Black Ducks & the hoarse bawling of the Hermes came at frequent intervals from the marshes about the Outlet. A Bonaparte Gull, concealed by the darkness but evidently flying about over the lake called cree, cree a dozen times or more.

Large Birds

at evening

E. R. S. Hermes

Bonaparte

Gull.

At 9 P.M. we all walked through the woods to the base of Asbestos Point to see the beavers by moonlight. The moon was full & the woods brilliantly lighted whenever there was open space. There was not a breath of wind & the silence was fairly oppressive. Indeed we heard nothing but the occasional hiss of a migrating beaver, the grackling of Black Ducks in the direction of Moon Point & a sharp loud sound like the whistle of an engine on a railroad track. The last was given only once.

Woods by

moonlight

1875
Sept. 5

Oullet

Calmer, warmer & rather better, the sun peeping out on big intervals through the clouds which covered the sky most of the day.

At about 8 A.M. I took the sailing canoe and paddled across the Lake through Richardson's Carry and back by way of Benson's Point, near Point. The water is higher than usual and the marshes near the Outlet are so wholly submerged that there is no feeding ground whatever for the smaller birds of which I saw none excepting a solitary bird which looked like a Semipalmated Sandpiper & which was flying high up. Big Black Ducks were swimming well out in the Lake & I started three head ducks from their favorite roost among the fallen logs on the island in Leonard's Pond. Two King birds were sitting on the stumps at the entrance to this little pond & an Osprey, two Bald Eagles, two Brown Marsh Hawks & numerous Kingfishers were perched ^{near} a flying about in threes.

But the most interesting sight was that of a flock of at least seventy or eighty Swallows which were skimming about over the open waters. I detected one Bank Swallow and then a few Barn Swallows among them but practically all which were made up of Barn Swallows. Faxon tells me that this species has been unusually abundant in Mass. this year. It would seem to have increased greatly here as well for I never saw any thing like so many about Montserrat before & I have rarely seen it at all elsewhere in the season.

Will Sargent saw a large Gray Squirrel on Pine Point this forenoon. He tells me that two were killed in Upper East entrance & that he found a third floating dead in the Lake.

Have too
higher for
small waters.

at lower
Sandpiper
Blue Ducks
Wood Ducks

King birds
Osprey, Eagles
Marsh Hawks
Kingfishers
Swallows

success of
Petrochelidon
lunifrons

Gray Squirrels

Pine Point

1895

Sept. 5

(No 2)

Regularly every morning with the first appearance of the sun, (early if it be clear, sometimes not before 9 a.m. if the fog hangs long) six or eight Chickadees, four or five Golden-crests, two or four Canada Nuthatches, a Creeper or two & a Downy & Hairy Woodpecker come into the Birch grove on the end of Pine Point and spend from one to three or four hours there. Almost invariably they roaple on the bare branches & remain until very near. These birds are, as I have just said, quite regular in their appearance and the various Warblers which accompany them have from day to day or less from one to three, usually 2 or 3 species.

Camp birds

A striking instance of this occurred to day. The flock during its morning visit contained less than a dozen Warblers among which I recognized only D. virens, D. caeruleus, D. striata and Comptolopha. But when it returned at about three P.M. there were more than a hundred Sylvia besides I have rarely seen is large a mixed flock in this region. The woods over a space of an acre or more were highly swarming with birds and it was not uncommon to be a dozen or more in the top of one small birch. Such a chirping and twittering as they kept up, with now & then a whistled song from a Parula Warbler or a few low notes from a Red-eyed Vireo! Although there was not a breath of wind the foliage was constantly agitated by the active movements of the little birds which hopped and flitted from twig to twig or chased one another back and forth with restless energy. The Warblers, it chiefly, among the Larks or near the terminal twigs, the Titmice & Nuthatches on the trunks or larger branches where they made a great clattering or rustling among the loose scales of birch bark. The flock as a whole, as well as its members individually - was exceedingly active & restless moving on from tree to tree through the wood so rapidly that at times one had to walk fast to keep

Immense

mixed flock

of Warblers.

1893.

Sept 5
1893

up with the throng. Under these conditions it was difficult to identify any large number of its members but with the aid of my glass I made out the following: Dendroica virens (10 or 12 all ♀♀ or young), D. caerulea, (6) D. maculosa (6), D. striata (4 juv), D. castanea (2 juv), Campoplex cyaneus americana (5 or 6), H. hypoleucis (1 ad & say one in bud, full time), D. coronata (4), Sylvania canadensis (1 juv &), Vireo olivaceus (4), V. solitarius (1 juv)

Mixed flock
of Mockers

It is evident that the Chickadees, Nuthatches, Kinglets, Crows & Woodpeckers, which do not vary in number, are local birds which make their daily rounds over nearly the same range and that the Thrushes, Doves etc. are migrants which come in from the south during the night and spend only an hour or a portion of a day in the neighborhood.

Kingfishers are unusually numerous about the Lake this autumn. Every little nook or indentation of the shore has its bird and the large cove has three or four who are continually fighting & chasing one another about in the attempt to maintain or secure the best fishing grounds. When the Lake is calm as it has been to-day one can hear the plunge of a Kingfisher half-a-mile or more away - a dull, full thump like that of a large stone thrown into the water.

Kingfishers

Every evening a little after sunset two or three Kingfishers come to Pine Point to spend the night. They fly directly into the forest and go to roost among the densest foliage, often in a spruce or aspen timber, from four to ten rods back from the shore.

Kingfishers
roosting in
forest on
Pine Point

1895

Sept. 6

Pine Point.

Another clear, calm, and very warm day. Therm 80° at 2 P. M.

I spent most of my time to-day developing photographs Photography.
 but in the afternoon walked to Ogden's Point with C. &
 E. R. S. to see the sunset which was very beautiful. In the
 dark cove north of the Point we heard a tremendous yawning
 and on investigation I found that it was made by Herring
 two Great Blue Herons which flew from a dead tree as Eagle
 I showed myself on the rocks at the point. A Brown
 Eagle was perched near them & I suspect that he had
 been quarreling with them as I thought I heard his
 choking, hissing, & whistling in the several order.

A Great Horned Owl was hooting at about 10 o'clock to-night. Bute hooting
 in the direction of the Outlet. For the past three nights
 I have heard Swainson's Thrushes migrating in large numbers migration
 and on the night of the 5th there was a heavy flight
 of warblers

The fog hung late on the lake this morning yet I saw
 warblers start one side of from the end of our point
 heading due South. At about 9 A. M. a strange, low, yet
 penetrating, hoarse or ticking sound like that made by Herring
 into a buoy hole coming from the fog enshrouded lake
 drew strange to bird songs as well as rings of whistled air
 to put off in one of the boats to investigate it. After
 paddling nearly a mile we came upon two loons one of
 which was making this sound. While on this expedition
 we repeatedly heard & saw warblers flying singly, two
 down across the lake through the fog. Some of them
 kept a straight course towards the S. Others were evidently, confused
 & wandering about.

Warblers

crossing the

lake in

a fog.

Strangely

of a loon

1895.
Sept. 7

Cloudy and warm threatening rain which, however did not come.
Wind S. E. rather strong in P. M.

Pine Point.

In the early morning I heard a Brown Creeper sing ten or twelve times near the camp. He was in nearly full voice. A flock of five Robins flew one towards the W. A Thrasher (the first I have noted here this year) called and "shouted" over in broken tones. White-winged Crossbills were flying about chattering. A Three-toed Woodpecker (P. archæus) came about the camp calling and rapping on the dead trunks. The usual flock of Chickadees & Nuthatches came as the usual time. There were perhaps thirty warblers with them but I did not have an opportunity to review the former carefully.

Camp birds

Brown Creeper
Sings

W. W. Crossbill
Picoides.

Warblers

I spent the day making some changes in my canoe rigging and attending to other small matters. At about 5 P. M. Jim rowed (or rather sailed) me out to Moose Point where we concealed ourselves among some rocks on the bank at the western end of the little pond near the end of the Point. For an hour or more nothing stirred except an occasional Heron or Eagle warning in the distance or a Savanna Sparrow rising and dropping again into the grass after a short flight. At length a pair of Black Ducks crossed the marsh some distance off. Next five Wood Ducks came to the pond lifting their wings as if intending to alight but they suddenly turned & flew around us in a great circle finally dropping into the twin pools to the westward. A few minutes later a perfect swarm of Black Ducks came flying down the creek from Diamond's Pond. There were two flocks containing respectively about fifteen & forty birds. The smaller flock alighted in the lake & four birds swam in nearly within shot when they discovered our boat & rising made off. It was now nearly dark

Evening at
Moose Point

Heron

Eagles

Black Ducks.

Wood Ducks.

A swarm
of
Black Ducks.

1895.

Sept 7

(No 2)

but for the next ten or fifteen minutes Black Ducks kept coming in from every direction & flying about as close, but for shooting. I fired both barrels at four which passed one was rather high & missed both. A pair swung past me within good range but somehow I did not get the gun on them & they dropped out. one found when I could not see them in the gloom.

Before the Ducks began arriving a Great Horned Owl alighted in the pond within twenty yards of us. He was only partially concealed by the bushes but we lay perfectly still and for three or four minutes the big bird stood erect & motionless staring at us intently but evidently unable to make out just what we were. Finally he sprang into the air and made off rising in a broad spiral coming back over us again & again at a constantly increasing height. His activity was apparently still unsatisfied but he was nevertheless much alarmed for he kept uttering a low coc-coc during the whole time that he remained in flight.

The Lake is fishing rapidly & the Moose Pond is much as usual in good condition for fishing but not a single small order of any description was seen or heard to-night.

There has been little shooting within our hearing these past four or five days although there has been a land on Mallards & Black during the time.

Since, to day I have seen a few on Stillwater but early this forenoon a flock of 22 passed the point flying from the Lake into Glasgow Co. as they are in the habit of doing when the wind comes strong from the S. E. & the upper end of the Lake becomes too rough for them.

Moose Point

Big flight

meaning
Ducks

Ardea herodias

Geococcyx

Sept. 8

A glorious day with strong, steady W. wind and remarkably clear air.

Spent the forenoon about camp. In the afternoon Jim wound me to Whob's Back Cove where we saw nothing but a Flicker, a Spotted Sandpiper, three or four Great Blue Herons & as many Kingfishers. The sandy shore was covered with Heron tracks and there was one old bird track which I took to be that of a Golden Plover.

Whob's Back
Cove

We sailed back past Moon Point to the Outlet where we found a Black Tern in immature plumage flying about over the marshes plunging down and bounding straight up again like a flycatcher or a sparrow hawk.

Outlet
Hydrochelidon
suscinnus

We were rowing down the river when a Whistler was about 200 yards ahead, crossed the marsh, cooed out over the lake & returning passed within thirty yards of us when I shot it. It is singular that this Duck and the Goldeneye, although exceedingly shy birds when one attempts to approach them on the water, will often fly past an unresisted boat within very range.

Whistler
shot.

At sunset we pushed the boat into Richardson's Carry & then awaited the evening flight of Ducks. Black Ducks soon began coming from various directions, singly, in pairs, and in small flocks. The greater number dropped into the Moon Point marsh & a good many into the muddy parts opposite the entrance to Leonard's Pond. For a long time none came near us but at length a single bird gave us a long shot. Feathers came from him as I fired but he kept on evidently unhurt. A little later four birds came directly over us. I fired at one which instantly dropped

Richardson's
Carry.
Evening flight
of water-fowl

Duck shooting

1895

Sept. 8

No 2.)

fifteen or twenty feet turning a complete somersault, then recovery, flew off with great swiftness circling first over the marsh & then out over the Lake where he finally struck the water with great force cutting a long, deep furrow. He paddled out after him at once & found him perfectly dead. He had now become so dead that we started for the camp.

During the evening flight I heard Wood Ducks squealing & also Carolina Rail chattering in the grass near us. But not a single Snipe or other water was seen or heard. They must come down now for the water has fallen rapidly these past two days and the mud flats are nearly bare over acres in extent.

Charlie saw a flock of seven Partridges near the Spring this afternoon & with four "Sea Ducks" of large size swimming off the Point. He says they had white wing patches so they were doubtless 'S. W. Scoters.

Just as I was going to sleep to-night (about 10 o'clock) I heard a Night Heron grunting in the direction of the Outlet. A Great Horned Owl hooted a few times near Mill's Rock a little after sunset.

Ornithology

Richardson's

Canary

Wood Ducks

Sora Rail

Snipe

Partridges

White winged

Scoters in

the water

Night Heron

Bubo hooting

1895

Sept. 9

Cloudy with occasional light showers.

(Guller

marshes.

At about 8 a.m. I paddled across the Lake in the Cruising canoe. At the Outlet I found a Whistler which either could not or would not fly but strid down very actively. I chased him about for some time firing one long shot at him. This shot started up some woodcock from the marsh. I heard the whistling of Summer Yellow-birds & Gross Birds & at length saw four of the latter alight on a mud flat. Before I could get near them they were gone & made off. Afterwards I saw a band of them high in the air but always flying at long distances.

Waders

Less. Yellowlegs

Kestrel

As I was scanning the mud banks at the outlet closely hobbling down in them I discovered a Wilson's Snipe standing in a crowding attitude on the bare mud. Presently he squatted flat in a little hollow, & I then saw another Snipe, also squatted, within a foot of the first. The bow of the canoe was within less than two yards of these birds when they rose and made off at great speed. I fired only one barrel & missed. Afterwards I found one of this pair & killed it. I also started two fresh birds on the opposite bank of the river & bagged both firing four shots in all for my three Snipe.

Gallinago

delicata

At evening Jim rode in across to Moose Point where we took a station near the twin ponds in the marsh. About 50 Black Ducks came into or near this marsh but I got only one shot - at four birds which came directly over me. I dropped my first but missed with the second barrel. I ought to have fired at twelve Ducks which came directly over the pond & let their wings "bunching" beautifully but I thought they were going to alight & missed my chance. Two Harvers passed over as I was heading one Snipe.

Evening at

Moose Point.

Black Ducks

I shot one

1895

September 10 A superb day, cloudless very warm but with a fresh N. wind after 10 a. m.

Jim & I started off in the hunting boat at 8 a. m. crossing the lake to Richardson's Carry, which we reached just as the fog began breaking up. About midway of the passage we came upon a White-throated Sparrow floating dead on the calm surface. It occurred to me that these birds which we find drowned in the lake after foggy nights may meet their fate by descending through the fog at daybreak & striking the water before they make out what it is, rather than by wondering about in circles until they become exhausted. This idea was suggested to me by the reflection that the color of the water when it is calm & encased in fog is precisely like that of the fog itself. Looking down at the lake from a slight elevation I find that I can't make out the water at all through the fog unless it is agitated by the swirl of a fish or by a breath of air.

As we neared the entrance to Leonard's Pond a Pigeon Hawk *Falco columbarius* alighted on a stub which stood on the river bank. He approached to within easy range when I saw that the bird was a fine adult male but before I could raise the gun it flew and I missed it as it was making off. Less than one hundred yards further on I was surprised to see at least a dozen Yellow-rumped Warblers in a dying & nearly leafless maple which overhung the water. They were hopping & flitting about but did not appear to be especially active or excited and were making no noise. While I was looking at them my eye was attracted to an upright, motionless form in the center of the tree & this I made out through my glass to be another Pigeon Hawk, a young bird, apparently a male. It was evidently the object which had excited the interest of the Warblers.

Orin
marshes

Zonotrichia
albicollis
drowned in
the lake.
Possible reason
why birds
are so often
drowned in
this way.

1893
Sept. 10
(wa 2)

but they did not appear to be in the least afraid of it. They repeatedly approached within from a few feet of it always however keeping above it. The Hawk did not seem to notice them but kept its gaze fixed on the ground beneath as nearly as I could judge from the position of its head. I was on the point of shooting at it when, like the other, it escaped by taking flight but my shot cut several feathers from it & it went off as if badly wounded dripping with a thrush of alders where we could wither find no flesh it.

Falco
columbarius
& Gallus

Early this morning I had seen still a third Pigeon Hawk behaving in a curious manner. I was taking my bath in our cave when I heard a shrill ki-ki-ki very like that of the Sparrow and Crow Hawk for which, in deed, I at first mistook it. But as soon as I got my glass on the bird I saw that it was unquestionably together a Pigeon Hawk. It was either playing or fighting with a Crow, I think the former for both birds appeared to be enjoying the sport. They took turns in chasing one another when the one attacked would invariably flee, doubling & twisting to avoid its pursuer. After each of them ~~counts~~ they would alight on the storks facing one another & usually, and, a few feet apart. During the plunges the Hawk would scream & the Crow uttering a rolling caw. Finally they had run & flitting flew off in different directions.

Falco
columbarius
and Crow
playing

While looking for the wounded Pigeon Hawk, we entered Leonard's Pond & down on a flock of a dozen Wood Ducks.

In the first little pond hole on the Myalloway (the one nearly opposite the traps) by hut I shot a remarkably large & fine Black Duck. It came swimming out of a bed of marsh grass behind me as I was shooting the water edge & took wing with loud quacking.

Black Duck
shot

Megalloway River.

1893.

Sept. 10

1893/

The next day was at Pine Hill Pond where I quietly
 discovered a bird which I took at the time for a Wood Duck,
 but which afterwards proved to be a Black Duck, lying asleep
 with its head buried in its feathers on an inclining tree trunk
 fully eight feet above the water. As I could do nothing
 else in the pond I made a detour & tried to reach the
 bank above the Sleeping Duck, but the woods on this
 point proved to be encumbered by a wind fall which made
 it impossible to advance further with the necessary absence of
 wind. I therefore kept further on & came out at a place
 where I could see nothing of my bird. But on the
 opposite shore near the spot where I had first approached
 the pond I discovered five Wood Ducks standing in a row
 on a log. Back I went ~~back~~ over & approaching easily
 & quietly under excellent cover was soon within thirty yards
 of the log on which the Wood Ducks stood but all were
 now fast asleep. It seemed like murder to fire ~~into~~
 the brown mass of inwound, unresponsive birds but our
 camp leader was ~~low~~ & I steered my heart. The first
 barrel laid out four and I dropped the fifth as it rose,
 leaving all five after two more shots at the wounded ones.
 As I was creeping up to three Wood Ducks I saw the
 Black Duck stretch up his neck & then with crowd wings
 deep plunge into the water making as much noise as
 a big stone would have done. My first shot started
 the other Wood Ducks from the opposite side of the pond.
 Although it was barely eleven o'clock I did not
 fire another shot during the day. We hunched at
 Pulpit Rock & ~~there~~ afterwards I tried the meadow
 just above but found only a Partridge there. It
 rose from the grass on a point where I had previously

Pine Hill Pond.
Black Duck
 asleep on log
Wood Ducks
 5 bay, all
 of a flock
 of five with
 two shots.

Black Duck
 on snag.
Butternut

1895

Sept 10

(No 4)

seen its head & well pointing straight upward but after inspecting them through my glass and even considering the possibility that they belonged to a Bittern I decided that what I saw was really a Hake, not a "Hake Driver".

In Bottle Brook Pond we found twelve Black Ducks, a Hood Duck & a Whistler but I failed to get a satisfactory shot at them although at my first attempt I got within ten or fifteen yards of them. The trouble was that they were under some bushes & tall reeds where I could get only an occasional fragmentary glimpse of a head or neck. It was exciting enough for they made a great flashing & rolled out large ripples incessantly under my very nose. Every now & then I heard the various muffled puff which Black Ducks so often make by striking the air with their half spread wings. Finally they drove off across the pond & when I went around it came back again. We finally left them undisturbed.

Bottle Brook Pond

Black Ducks

As we were coming down the river in the late afternoon Buteo the hawk had seen, indeed - a Broad-winged Hawk alighted on a stub one the water & almost immediately afterwards catches a frog. As we were approaching the spot it rose & flew across the river into the woods carrying what looked like a frog in its talons. During the day I saw two other Hawks which I took to be of this species sailing about at a great height.

We saw only one Duck - a Whistler - in the boggy way. This required us for the former seldom goes up this river now.

1895

Sept. 10

(No 5)

During the day we were rarely out of sight or sound of Crossbills. Both species appear to be equally common. While I was watching the ducks at Bottle House Pond a Red Crossbill sang for nearly an hour in one place repeating its song at short regular intervals. There was little or no wind at the time and although the bird was perched on a spruce on the opposite side of the pond fully 100 yds. from me its song filled my ears. It was fully as loud as the song of a Purple Finch. I heard it to much better advantage here than in the case of the birds singing at Upton on August 29th for the singing there was more or less masked by several birds at once & moreover there were other noises ~~besides~~ ^{besides} the voices of men & cattle whereas here my thoughts had the whole sleeping forest to himself. His song did not vary in the least with the different repetitions but was invariably of eight notes or perhaps I should rather say of four notes repeated twice without any appreciable pause between the two phrases. The ~~two~~ ^{first} ~~opening~~ notes in each phrase were short & full & resembled those of Sparrows ~~tricks~~, the ~~two~~ ^{last} ~~closing~~ notes were exceedingly like one of those in the song of *Meospiza fasciata*. Then came on the same that I compared (Aug. 29) to those of the Seaside Finch but they are much more musical & more like the tone of the Song Sparrow. The effect of the whole song is highly pleasing & the bird descends fairly high back as a songster among *Pinjilthra*. I should think that if it were heard too often ^{however} the song might become fairly a little tiresome. The notes are given with a curious distinctness & deliberation as if the bird were keeping its voice within rigid restraint.

Loxia

minor

eximius

Song of

Lo. minor

1895.

Sept. 11.

A chill, cloudy day, brown & hazy with better wind.

I did not go out until evening when Jim rowed me out to Moon Point. Although we saw not a single Duck last night on our way across the Lake I could hardly believe that they had really stopped coming to the marshes at evening. Such is undoubtedly the case however for to night only one alighted there & a single Duck (for a 24) flying high & passing on towards the north over all the others that we saw. The reason why they have discontinued coming is obvious enough; the Lake has fallen so considerably this last week that their former feeding grounds are now bare mud flats. Ducks will not feed where they cannot swim.

Ducks cease
visiting Moon
Point at
evening

A few Herons came to the marsh but we heard no woodcock except what I took to be a Golden Plover although its call was not just right for that species. The bird, whatever it was, flew about high in air for a long time & finally went off down the beach.

Herons

Golden Plover?

1895

Sept. 12

Cloudy and sultry with light variable winds which finally settled in the N. W. and blew hard after dark preserving cooler weather.

Ouled
marshes &
Leonard's
Pond.

At 8 A. M. I started off in the evening canoe back first to Wholes Book Cove & then back to the Outlet which I had nearly reached when happening to look back I saw a flock of birds coming swiftly up behind me following the line of the shore. Their low, swift, glancing flight and the close order in which they moved told me at once that they were Blue-winged Teal. I had barely time to get out the long gun from under the deck of the canoe when they were upon me & moved abruptly to the right. I fired only one barrel bringing down two birds. The other six (there were but eight altogether) circled around me and alighted somewhere beyond the mouth of the river. I followed them at once but could not find them although I searched every pool and indentation in the marsh.

A third at
Bluewing Teal

While thus engaged I saw a Black Duck & a Pintail flying together, a flock of six Golden Plover which crossed back & forth across the wide marshes often beating their wings but were once alighting & six Grass Birds which kept the Plover company at times.

Pintail Duck
Golden Plover
& Grass Birds

I then paddled to Leonard's Pond. The Black Duck & Pintail rose from the river & dropped into the pond. I landed & tried to find them but I could see nothing but a flock of twelve Black Ducks sitting on some logs on the opposite side of the pond. Finally a light brown spot on a mud bank on my

Pintail

1895.

Sept. 12

(No. 2)

side caught my eye. I studied it carefully through the glass but it did not move nor could I make it out to be a bird. Nevertheless I decided to stalk it which I did when I found that it was a Solitary Blue-winged Teal diving in the lagoon. When it raised its head I fired & killed it.

A solitary
Teal asleep
on the sand.

The shot drove out the Black Ducks of course and finding being nothing else in the pond that I wanted except their exquisite pond lily blossoms. I put up the sail and spread back to the Outlet. On the way I saw a flock of about twenty Swallows skimming over the washes. The majority were Barn Swallows but there was at least one White-belly among them. The White-bellies were calling high in a shrill note many times. I saw one a long shot which I missed. I had got well out on the lagoon on my way to camp when a flock of six and the survivors, no doubt, of the bunch of eight that I shot into this morning came flying in from the open water and alighted near a grassy island behind me. Taking down the sail I paddled back. They came out from behind the grass thickets of their necks to look at me and then swam back out of sight. I urged the canoe forward with all my strength & reaching the glass rose on my knees and peeped through it. The Teal were swimming directly away from me with their necks raised so I fired at one killing two with my first bullet and a third as the remaining pair took wing. This little bit of Teal shooting to-day revived old associations & gave me a genuine thrill of the sportsman's pleasure such as I rarely feel now. There was one old male among my victims and I made him up into a beautiful skin.

Black Ducks

Gave
Swallows

Another shot
at the flock
of Teal

1895
Sept. 14Outlet &
Leonard's Pond

Yesterday and to-day have been essentially alike clear and cold with a raging N.W. wind which died away at times yesterday & broke to a gentle breeze by force of the to-day. The thermometer stood at 38° at day break yesterday; this morning it fell to 32° (Fahr.).

I sailed across to the Outlet yesterday morning & paddled down the river to Richardson's Carry but saw no living thing save our Blue Heron. At evening five landed on across. We found three Blue-winged Teal, no doubt the three which escaped me on the 12th, sitting on the water close to the grassy island but they flew before we could get near them. A single Black Duck & a Whistler came over the marsh at evening but we saw nothing else except a few Blue Herons & a Kingfisher which found our the water near as usual things & finally got his fish. This was long after sunset & I could not understand how he could possibly do anything beneath that black, suffused surface.

Blowing Teal
again

This morning I again sailed across the lake & finding nothing on the marshes paddled to Leonard's Pond. Landing I approached the inner channel under cover and peeped out but could see nothing except a Whistler which was dining out in the open water. After watching him awhile I returned to the canoe and paddled around the point. Fatal mistake! No sooner had I brought myself into full view of the inner channel than I discovered a perfect swarm of Ducks swimming close in shore or standing on the mud bars. The tall wild rice had apparently concealed them when I had looked out on the pond from the shore. There were about 20 Wood Ducks & fully 40 or 50 Black

a swarm of
Ducks in
Leonard's Pond.

1898

Sept. 14

(no 2)

Ducks, altogether the largest assemblage of water-fowl that I have seen in Leonard's Pond then twenty years.

The Wood Ducks, curiously enough, flew first. Some of the Black Ducks immediately followed them but a dozen or more remained and watched me for two or three minutes although I was out in the open water & not 80 yards from them. Indeed I had some hopes of drawing the canoe back out of sight & afterwards landing & stalking them but they all took wing before I could accomplish this.

On my way back to camp I saw a flock of big Ereunetes flying over the marshes.

Wood Ducks
Black Ducks

Ereunetes

Soon after dinner I started out with Jim in the large boat. Just inside Moon Point we spied two Whistlers swimming near shore. I landed and tried to stalk them but they waddled gradually away from shore & out of gunshot. Jim seeing this paddled quietly towards them. They had now gone to sleep and turned slowly around & around with their heads under their scapular feathers dipping with the wind. They paid little attention to the boat until it was within 60 yards or less when they began swimming away from it. They passed us out of range but Jim circled around them & drove them back when they came within 30 yards & I shot one on the water & the other as it rose. They were evidently fresh arrivals from the north for none of our local Whistlers would have acted in this manner.

We next went to Leonard's Pond. I landed and approached the wild rice belt carefully but two Wood Ducks, the only ones there, saw me & flew before I got near them. After looking the place over thoroughly I hunted for Jim to bring the boat. The next instant a flock of 15 to 18 Wood Ducks came

Two tame
Golden eyes

Wood Ducks
stalking in
Leonard's Pond

1895

Sept 14

(No 3)

hurting down on its wings and alighting with a great flourish
for a moment & still for a moment & then down in the water. At
the same moment a violent squall with a dash of rain came
sweeping over the pond. Steeping low I hurried forward and
in less than a minute reached a thicket behind which I could
stand erect. Peeping out I saw two birds standing on the mud
close together & at once shot at them. The flock rose in
great confusion when I brought down a single bird. The
two at which I had fired the first barrel lay on the mud
dead but the last bird was only wounded & I had to
fire two more shots to kill it. A fourth bird by some
stray pellets went off badly wounded to my great regret. It
is the first Drake that I have wounded & lost this year
although I have had no dog.

1893

Sept. 15

Cloudless and warm with light, variable winds & frequent intervals of dead calm.

At 8 a.m. I started off with Jim taking my small (4x5) Two Deer in
 camera. He went first to Glaspy Cove. Soon after turning Glaspy Cove.
 the outer point Jim exclaimed "there's a deer." The next
 instant I saw it standing at the water's edge with its
 head down. The wind blew directly towards it & it presently
 raised its head looked intently at us & walked slowly off
 along the shore shaking deep into the mud at each step &
 drawing out its slender legs slowly. It was a small doe,
 a "yearling" Jim said. It had gone only a few rods when
 it was joined by a doer deer, also a doe but I find him.
 The two walked in behind a large rock where they stopped
 and remained for fifteen or twenty minutes, peeping out at us
 curiously over the rock sometimes showing only their ears, at
 others their whole heads & a portion of their necks which
 looked like a long black & red. As they were so close
 but they would not move. Indeed we had to hammer loudly
 on the boat with the oars before they finally crested their
 tails and leaped off into the thicket.

We went as far as B. Brook Cove and after taking a
 number of photographs returned to dinner. We saw then
 Gray Boons swimming together and a Pelicled Woodpecker
 which flew across the broadest part of the Lake flapping
 slowly & steadily like a crow.

Young Boons

In the afternoon we rowed to Brandy Bay & took more
 photos. Two flocks of Black Ducks, one of 11 the other of
 24 birds were feeding out near the middle of the North Bay.
 like beaters. There was much firing on the marshes in the afternoon

Black Ducks
 "bedded in
 deep water"

Errol Hill Pond.

1895

Sept. 19

Clear with light, variable winds & long intervals of calm. Very warm.

At 9 A.M. we started off on another all day trip. Jim & I, in their boat, I am in the crusing canoe. I found most of the way from camp to Sweet Meadows but we stopped so often to take photographs that it was noon when we reached the head of the meadow & lunched.

Photographing

After lunch E.R.S., Jim & I walked in through the woods to Errol Hill Pond which was looking its very loveliest in the clear afternoon light. A Great Blue Heron was standing erect in the marsh at the eastern end & three Whistlers were diving & fishing near him. At the western end a solitary Black Duck was feeding near shore. After spending a little time on the shore together we separated Jim taking E.R.S. back to Sweet Meadows while I chose a comfortable place on the shore under some overhanging rocks & waited for Jim to return & help me take some photographs. While he was gone a Deer came within a few rods of me passing behind me through the dense woods. I did not get so much as a glimpse at him but I could trace his progress by the sound of his footsteps. Once he stepped on a dead branch & broke it & repeatedly I heard his hoofs rattle against the stems of the small trees. After Jim came on found the tracks of a large Buck whom I had chased him from.

Errol Hill Pond

Waterfowl

Deer.

We took several photographs & started back just as the sun was sinking behind Errol Hill. All the ducks flew when we showed ourselves the Black Duck going straight off, the Whistlers rising in a great circle before they could get above the trees & ridges.

Whistlers

While I was waiting at the pond I heard & saw a

Errol Hill Pond.

1893

Sept. 19
(No 2)

great many small birds; Blue jays, a Rusty Blackbird, many Red-bellied Nuthatches, a few juncos etc. Every now & then a flock of White-winged Red Crossbills would fly overhead. The country is literally swarming with them this autumn.

Small birds at

Errol Hill Pond

Crossbills

The Red-bellied Nuthatches were catching flying insects (which they did as actively as Flycatchers) and extracting seeds from the spruce cones which they took to their rough-barked trees and stored away in small crevices for future use. I have seen them at the latter employment many times during the present month.

Sitta

Canadensis

Catching flies

& storing spruce seeds.

Two Hawks came sailing over the forest meadows which were then on a fine extent Red-bellied Nuthatches a Sparrow Hawk I thought although I did not see it was with certain certainty.

Hawks.

Red-tail H.

We found an old Otter track on the banks of the Anasaggon & Mill Sargent runs on (that is, a track) the other day on ~~the~~ - Mirror Pond.

Other tracks

Yesterday I saw a Black Woodchuck run over the rocks at our landing on Pine Point.

Black Woodchuck

at Pine Point

Flying Squirrels have been seen at our landing, one coming on the window sill while the men were at supper.

Flying

Squirrels

It is thought that waders are to scarce this year. As we came through the marshes this evening I heard nothing but then a few Wilson's Snipe.

Scarcely of

Waders

Pine Point.

1898

Sept. 20

A glorious September day, clear, warm, with only an occasional puff of wind to ruffle the calm surface of the Lake.

Having much writing and other work to do I did not get far away from Camp but nevertheless it has been richer in interesting observations than any previous day this month. This was partly owing to chance but partly also to the fact that the woods on the point were alive with birds from morning to night. For the past week or so there have been few small land birds except our local Titmice, Crows, Nuthatches etc. and I had begun to think that most of the September migrants had passed by especially as I heard no Robins or Thrushes migrating at night.

But last night the singing of Robins was almost incessant and this morning they swarmed in our woods. They kept high in the trees at first & I could not water out many of them but at length a flock of about 100 descended into the birch second-growth near the end of the Point where I was able to revive them with some success. I positively identified Dendroica blackburni (1 ♀), D. castanea (1 juv), D. virens (1 ad ♂, 6 or 8 ♀♀ juv ♂♂), D. caerulea (several), D. coronata (several), Vireo olivaceus (2), V. solitarius (1) V. philadelphicus (1) Dryobates pubescens (2) and the usual mot of Titmice, Nuthatches & Chinglets. I got very near the Philadelphia Vireo and had a good view of him.

It is singular that I see so few specimens of D. striata here in the woods. No doubt many escape my notice in these dense old woods but still they cannot be very common.

For several days past small flocks of Juncos have been about us. To-day I saw actually the first Hermit Thrush, a striking bird flitting about near a fallen log.

Camp birds.

Heavy flight
last nightand big
mixed flock
on the point
this morning.Scarcity of
Leuc. striata
in autumn

1895

Sept. 20

(No 2)

At about eight o'clock this morning I was standing on the bank looking down at the water when I heard directly overhead a sound as of a gust of wind blowing through pine woods. As there was no wind at the time I concluded that an Eagle or Osprey had swooped down through the trees. But an hour later the mystery was explained when happening to see a dozen Blue Jays rise above the trees I watched them closely. Rising in together like so many Blackbirds they ascended in a compact flock by a spiral course to a height of several hundred feet and then half closing their wings dashed down a steep incline like so many swooping falcons. At the same time making the loud rushing sound which I had heard earlier in the morning. I think that on both occasions they were intending to start on migration but made "false starts", changing their minds for some reason or other.

Russet
behaviour of
Cyanocitta
cristata

Our cook's little daughter came to camp this morning bringing about a quart of horse nuts. Charlie (the cook) threw some of these to a Chipmunk which has been in the habit of visiting the camp nearly every day. The little fellow showed such extreme eagerness in pouring upon these nuts (which do not grow in this immediate locality) that Charlie had no difficulty in approaching him within a foot or two and in less than five minutes the Squirrel would allow him to thrust his back or even to pick him up, providing the tempting bait was supplied at the same time. Indeed it was not long before he would take the nuts from the fingers of any of our party. When we covered a pile of them with our hands he would not touch them with all his strength to remove the obstruction. Sometimes he nibbled our fingers but never with any real ill humor. He took the nuts away in his cheek pouches, bit to right each trip, & carried

W. t. m. a.
Chipmunk

Pine Point.

1895
Sept 20
(1893)

them far back into the woods. He ran over our feet & over climbed half way up a leg of my camera while I was getting it ready to photograph him.

Early in the afternoon I sitting in the woods writing this journal when a Partridge stopped up on a rock within twelve feet (measured) of me and began gitting & staring at me with curiosity & suspicion. After watching him for several moments I tried to retreat & get my camera but she took alarm & running a few yards flew off into some dense undergrowth. The bird heard a drum in the wood a little later but he was not on ~~the~~ old log & was probably not the bird that drummed there last year.

Partridge

His whistle was falling at night a Whippoorwill sang eight or ten notes within a few rods of my tent.

Whippoorwill
sings at eve

Wood frogs croaked feebly in the early afternoon but I heard no Hylas.

Wood Frogs
croaking

1895

Sept. 21

Morning much like that of yesterday, but warmer, the therm. rising to 82° at 12.30. A strong, cloudy west wind all the afternoon.

At 7 A.M. while I was bathing in the ~~lagoon~~ a flock of 17 Blue Jays started from the woods on the Point and rose to a height of fully 2000 feet going up in a spiral course of about half-a-mile in width & making only one or one half turns during the ascent. They then started off towards the south-west ~~flying~~ ~~flashing~~ ~~flashing~~ until they faded out of sight in the distance. An hour later a flock of fourteen came over the Point at a height of about 200 feet & tattering their wings came back, down, precisely, like those seen yesterday. The second thing worth noting was a loud that Jim Bernier who was lying in his tent and running out thinking, as he said, that a flock of Seabirds would be falling down into the lake. I am puzzled by their evolutions. What do they mean? Apparently the flock of 17 were flashing on migration. Did some of them return or were the 14 birds another lot? If the latter why should one flock start on migration & another cease a journey at nearly the same hour? On all these occasions the jays, while migrating, always, have been severely silent not a single scream did I hear on either evening.

There were only 2 or 3 called ~~barblers~~ ~~barblers~~ on the Point to-day. What became of the horde of yesterday. I did not hear them depart last evening although I listened long & anxiously. At about 9 o'clock to-night I saw a flying squirrel shoot like a meteor across the opening in front of our camp. ~~It~~ "flew" about thirty yards before I lost sight of it descending in this distance from a height of 40 to a height of 10 feet.

Cyanocitta
cristata
migrating in
early morning

A flock pitches
down with
loud rushing
of wings

Camp birds

Flying
Squirrel.

1895.

Sept. 22

Clear with strong W. wind. The warmest day ^{thus far} of this unusually warm month. The 84° at noon 74° at 3 P.M.

In the morning sailed over past the Outlet when I saw a single Kittiwake flying about over the marshes.

Jim towed me to Moose Point at evening. Two flocks of Black Ducks passed over the marsh as we were crossing the Lake a little before sunset. After we had taken our position on the eastern bank above midway between the two points - not a single Duck of any kind was seen but we could hear Black Ducks quacking and thrashing the water with their wings out in the middle of the North Bay. We also heard Loons and a bird which I took to be a Horned Grebe calling cree - cree-cree at frequent intervals. Over the marsh battles of every kind from the big Dytiscus to the smallest were whirling about in great numbers clearly seen against the strong light in the west. Mosquitoes were numerous enough to be really troublesome.

Evening at
Moose Point

Ducks

Loons

Horned Grebe

Water beetles

A little after sunset a Great Blue Heron which had alighted Asio a little short time before on the South beach began making a great accipitrinus outcry. Presently it rose and ascended in circles to a height of 200 ft. or more followed, or rather preceded, by a Short-eared Owl a Heron, which bullied it with amazing audacity, keeping always a little above it and swooping down every few rounds to deal it a blow on the back but whether with bill or claws I could not make out. The big, chunky Heron was apparently unable either to dodge or to defend himself. At last he did nothing but continue to circle croaking incessantly and at last attacks squalling so lustily that he might have been heard a mile away.

1895

Sept. 22

[No. 2]

He was evidently badly frightened. The Owl must have been merely amusing himself for after a minute or two he left the Heron and shot off and down on a long strand beside Richardson's Crag.

Fifteen minutes later he appeared skimming low over the Moon Point marsh, evidently hunting, very much as then giving them or four easy flaps of his broad wings but for the most part gliding smoothly on set wings just above the tops of the grass inclining now to one side, now to the other and at length turning shore about and going back over the same ground, reminding me much of the Marsh Hawk ^{which} I similarly engaged. Twice or thrice he rose sharply to a height of ten or fifteen feet then turning downward shot back to the marsh again. This evolution was strikingly like that performed so often by the Night-hawk when skimming low over the fields after the light has faded and I believe that it had the same object, namely the capture of some flying insect, perhaps in this case one of the big Dytiscus beetles. The light darkness was now getting fast & it was hard to follow the Owl with the eye. Indeed I had quite lost sight of him for a minute or more when it occurred to me to try squeaking like a mouse. I had just squeaked the second time when the Owl shot out of the gloom bearing straight towards me about on a level with my head as I sat in the boat. He came within less than 12 feet then turning abruptly with three or four hurried flaps, skimmed off ~~again~~ into the darkness. Presently I squeaked again when he again came straight for me this time so near (certainly within six or eight feet) that I was positively a little apprehensive that he might strike my face. He did not see him again but after we had returned to camp a Heron on the marshes twice made such a loud & prolonged clamor that we suspected the Owl was at his old sport. |

also
occupies them

1895

Sept. 23

Clear with strong S.W. wind. Still warmer than yesterday.
Ther. 88° at noon

A day down
the lochs near
Great Island.

We all went down the loch in the early morning C. & E.R.S.
rowed by him in one of the large boats, I with him in the other.
After landing on Metathus Island, where I took ~~took~~ photographs
and found a White-throated & Song Sparrow to be the only bird residents,
we rowed through the channel at the head of Great Island - Black Island
after or took it, Black Ducks live there. It is deep in the
landed for lunch on the west shore of the Great Cove. After
lunch we rowed to the head of the loch and back into
loch where Jim & I visited land and ofed supper, on way
back to camp which we reached at 4 P.M. having made the
distance from Metathus Island (three miles) in just half an hour.

Birds seen on
Metathus
Island.

Sail up the
loch in
big open
boat.

I took about a dozen photographs during the forenoon most
of them at or near the north end of Great Island.

At the spot where we landed I started a Partridge from a
mountain ash loaded with berries on which the bird was
doubtless feeding. I followed him for back into the woods on
the mountain side but he was very shy & I failed to get
even a glimpse of him.

Partridge

Two Eagles, a Sharp Shinned Hawk, and four Great Blue Herons
were the only large birds seen in the Great Cove. Besides the
Black Ducks which we kept starting

large birds

1895

Sept. 24

Clear and a little cooler with strong W. wind.

At about 7 A.M., just after I had come out of my tent, a Pigeon Hawk drove a flock of ten or twelve Blue Jays into the brush grove on Pine Point and for eight or ten minutes circled or hovered above them. So long as the jays remained perched he made no attempt to attack them although he must have seen them as more than half the leaves have fallen & the foliage was everywhere thin. But the jays appeared to be restless and venturesome and every half minute or so one of them would rise, ^{above the trees} and attempt to fly off. He instantly appeared the Hawk would swoop at him with such velocity that my eye could hardly follow him, gliding down a long, gentle decline, moving his wings steadily, ^{yet} with a rapid, tremulous or vibrating motion. At each swoop I felt sure he would strike his prey & I repeatedly saw him shake his head abruptly and thrust out his talons in the attempt to do so but at the last moment the jay invariably closed him by dropping suddenly into a tree top when the Hawk would shoot past, circle & rise again to make ready for another swoop. I have said that he kept above the jays but really he usually kept a little to one side of the flock (as it is to tempt them to fly to escape) so that his swoop was a direct shot with a drop of perhaps 60 feet for the total distance. 40 yards in length. He would make this distance while the jay was flying thru or over yards. It was one of the most beautiful & interesting spectacles of any kind that I have witnessed. The Hawk seemed to be in dead earnest and in view of what I have seen Pigeon & Duck Hawks do on previous occasions I suspect that this bird was much amusing himself. The jays did not seem to take him very seriously or to be much frightened. Finally he desisted & they flew off in peace. An hour later I shot a young "gins" (a - - - - -)

Falco
columbarius
and Blue jays

Sweet Meadow T. 1895. 1895.

1895.

Sept. 24

(No 2.)

After breakfast Jim & I started for Sweet's Meadow in the Long
Coast. We had just passed through Richardson's Cove when the Pigeon
Hawk just overboarded us. It was a very close call & I
thought it was a very close call. It was a very close call.

On reaching Sweet's Meadow we landed and crossed the beach
ridge to Sweet Hill Pond striking it near the outlet where
we found a shelter camp & a fire burning deeply & dangerously
in the ground. As it threatened the destruction of the whole
forest we went to work at once to put it out which we
finally accomplished after about two hours of hard work.

Sweet Hill Pond

We then embarked on a raft which we pulled around the head
of the pond stopping frequently to take photographs. There was
only one Duck in the pond to day, a female of the
Ring-neck. It made three attempts to leave the island rising &
circling but evidently afraid to pass over us as it must do
to reach the sea at the outlet. Finally it swam past us
along the opposite shore & then rose and flew over our heads.
I noticed that its wing beats were more rapid than those of
any other Duck found here except the Hooded Merganser. When
in the pond it kept well out in the open water & ~~stretched~~ ^{with} its
neck stretched up to the full length most of the time.

Anythya collaris

On the 19th I was riding over Sweet's Meadow a large Duck
which I called a Red-tail but which I noticed had a
whitish rump. We found to-day what was doubtless the same
bird rising on a thicket at the head of Sweet Hill Pond. It
flew presently & came past us within 100 yards. waving &
rising giving me a good view of it through the glass. It
looked very like an immature Red-tail but it was rather small
for that species & the whole rump was dirty white.

A Buteo
with a
white rump.

1895.

Sept. 24

(No 3)

I had begun to fear that I should not meet under Parrushusson's Scarcity of this season but this morning I heard its familiar chop, chop, chop Parrushusson's in the spruce forest on the south shore of Great Bear Pond. There were at least two birds calling but I did not see either of them. They with the three toed Woodpeckers & Canada Jays are unduly scarce this year. I have heard Picoides only at Pine Point & have seen the Canada Jays only near Bear Brook.

Crossbills appear to much less numerous than they were early in the month but I heard both species today at Great Bear Pond and as we were looking up the Andersons again this afternoon a pair of White-wings which were lopping along on the bare ice at the water's edge. They were in extremely worn, ragged plumage.

1893

Sept. 25

Clear and warm with light S.W. to S.E. winds.

I had planned a trip to Cambridge River to-day for the purpose of getting some *Phalaropus* of that County, but then C. had a bad headache & could not go so I started in one of the large boats with John & Will. at 7 A.M. The fog was unusually dense at the time and after some half an hour (at a speed of certainly 20 miles per hour) we were stopped & the boat discharged by being up at Moose Point! Having to row back down the river, the fog was so thick that we could not see the shore. The fog being late & we saw only a little of the shores and reached home late.

A day up
Cambridge River.

Lost on the

The fog

Four Redpolls & six Black Polls, were the only ones seen during the passage of the River.

On landing at Upton I went out over to the cellar where the Umbagog House formerly stood. The Crossbills were there - fifteen or twenty birds representing both species - eating dirt on the very same spot where they were similarly employed Aug. 30. The whole space which they have worked over is less than a yard square. I shot a pair of Red Crossbills but the male lodged & I did not get him. The female had the belly bare & wrinkled but when I skinned her I found that she had passed the stage of incubation by at least three or four weeks. Still the white wings show yesterday she had not moulted but was in very ragged, worn breeding plumage. None of the Crossbills were singing to-day.

Lepus minor

at Cambridge

A great flock of Sparrows flew up from the weeds about the old cellar and on inspecting them I found that there

1895

Sept. 25

(No 2)

were at least a dozen Song Sparrows, probably as many White-crowned Sparrows, several Grass Finches and a Chipping Sparrow, a tow with a few Savanna Sparrows.

Long-tailed

Amphispiza

at Lake House

I am uncertain as to the exact number of White-crowned Sparrows because I may have started the same birds over again in following up the flock but there were certainly not less than six for I counted five young birds together in one bush and afterwards saw at least one adult. In a dozen times while I was at this place I heard a White-crown sing. He must have been an old bird for his song rang out full and clear on the still morning air. Indeed it was louder and more finished than the Spring singing that I have heard in Mass. As on former occasions it reminded me much of the song of the Poëetes. These White-crowns were sluggish in their movements but nevertheless they were not apparently unsuited to be in yet very near there.

At 10 a. m. Jim & I started up Cambridge River. The water was very low and the vegetation killed by frost so that the scenery was less beautiful than at the time of our last visit. We went up about two miles when coming to a place choked with drift wood we turned about & reached the dam at half-past three o'clock. Most of the intervening time was consumed in taking photographs.

Cambridge

River

Taking

photographs

On the way up I had a long shot at three Black Ducks which were asleep on the mud as we wound a bend but they awoke quickly enough & were off before I could fire the first barrel. I shot twice but missed.

Coming down I shot a solitary Blue-winged teal in the cover just below the big "logan". It was sitting on the water among some Blue-w. Teal.

1895

Sept. 25 Lily pads & only stretched up its neck when we reached the
(No 3) pond I missed this bird which appeared to be an old female.

There were comparatively few small birds in the woods bordering Cambridge River to day. Nuthatches & Chickadees were numerous enough and we heard Crossbills frequently & Pine Squirrels and Purple Finches occasionally. Woodpeckers are very scarce this year. I heard only one - a hairy - in the Cambridge River woods.

A Partridge drummed once within our hearing but we could not find his direction.

The muddy banks of the river were everywhere trampled over by Solitary Sandpipers but we saw none of them! Is also the case although there was one on the woods below. Two Deer, one a large animal, had left fresh tracks on the shores of the "middle bog" and Muskrat signs also were everywhere.

At 4 P.M. Will Sargent & I started up the lake. We sailed from B. Point to Great Island & rounded the sea on the way. We saw two Loons & a few Ducks flying over the lake.

Small birds

Pine Squirrels
Purple Finches
Woodpeckers

Deer

Partridge
drumming

Solitary
Sandpipers

Deer signs
Muskrat

Loons

1895

Sept. 25 Cloudless with a strong N. to N.W. wind. during the forenoon,
the Bollen came from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. then 3:00 P.M.

Shortly after breakfast we were elated by the sound of
"sea ducks" in the air the wild jingling, musical, high bell
jingle which has given them western folk the name of High Bell
Ducks in this region. They were apparently passing high over
Pine Point but no one of us saw them until ten or fifteen
minutes later when Jim, by the aid of my glass, discovered the
flock in the water at their favorite alighting place off
N. Beach Point. Hastily cutting a few bushes & standing
them up in the bows of the Cape hunting boat we started
after them. They rose & flew about twice before we got
near them but at length we paddled down on them
from the windward. They rose when we were still one
hundred yards off & came straight for us in a line at least
two feet in length or rather width for they were all flying
abreast. I dropped one with each barrel as they passed & a
third fell a few hundred yards off. All three were old
birds.

We followed them about all the forenoon & I got two more
shots but my distant ones for they were very shy birds.
I killed only one more. There were at least 75 birds in
the flock. All were Bitter-bills (*Pelecanus americanus*) & at
least 90% were old (i.e. black) males. There was a
smaller flock (about 15 or 12 birds), all females or young, which
kept apart from the big flock & were so very shy that
we could not get within 200 yards of them.

As we were returning to camp at noon we saw a flock of about 30
Canada Geese. They passed over N. Beach bar and thence due south over the
highest peak of Spotted Mountain without rising appreciably!

Large flock of
Am. Scoters.

I shoot
two of
them.

Canada
Geese

1895

Sept. 29

Cloudy with violent S. E. wind and heavy rain during last night & this morning

Late this afternoon a Winter Wren which had passed the day in or near our camp wood hole sang several times in an undertone but giving the first song in a finished manner.

Winter Wren
sings.

For several nights past a Skunk has visited the camp and dug down into a hole where our refuse is placed. This evening at about 8 o'clock Archie called me saying that he had just seen him thus engaged. I got a glimpse at him as he was scattering

Skunk visits
the camp

off.
An hour later I took a position near the refuse hole having first placed a lantern so that it cast its light fairly over the spot. I waited some for long but none came. The Skunk did not return but I was amply repaid for my trouble by having a fine opportunity to watch a Flying Squirrel who came running slowly down the trunk of an cotton tree and spent ten or fifteen minutes feeding on apple parings. He held them between his fore paws sitting erect with his back curved & tail pressed against it much in the manner of a Red or Gray Squirrel. At this time he was on the ground. When he wished to move from one place to another he accomplished it by taking one or two long hops (3 to 4 ft each) reminding me of a big frog. I did not see him walk or run on the ground. Altogether he appeared to be awkward & ill at ease there as if he were not accustomed to it. He was much less animated & interesting in his behavior than the diurnal Squirrels. He was perfectly silent the whole time save once when he took down & ran quickly up a tree standing like a post. For the past ten or four nights one of these Squirrels has "flown" across our fire place at about 6 P. M.

Flying Squirrel

1895.
October 1

Cloudy & cold with strong N.W. wind & occasional flurries of snow.

Return to
A. Bridge.

We broke camp and came down to Lakeside on the
Steamer late yesterday afternoon.

This morning we started for Bethel by the stage at
8 a.m. It was a bitterly cold drive as far as the
Hotel below which we had some shelter from the wind
& snow & then a glare of sunshine.

Drive to
Bethel.

Flickers were very numerous in Grafton & Norway. I never
have seen 30 or 40 in all and counted 12 in one flock.
They were chiefly in the same positions & acted very wild &
rather rising at some distance ahead & taking long flights.

Colaptes
auratus

There were great quantities of Sparrows flying up in clouds
from gardens & patches of woods in the fields as we stage
Bethel past. As far as I could make out the greater number
were Song Sparrows and Chipping with a sprinkling of White Throats
& Grass Finches. I positively identified three or four White Crowned
Sparrows & do not doubt that many more were seen at a
distance among the flocks of Song Sparrows.

Sparrows

White Crown
Sparrows

In Norway I saw two Goldfinches and one little flock of
Bluebirds containing seven members.

Sapsucker

Robins & Blue jays appeared to be scarce & I saw only
about 25 crows in all.

We left Bethel by train at 3.35 p.m. & reached Cambridge at 11 a.m.

The autumn coloring was at its best this year about Sept. 20. Autumn
It was dull & faded to-day & many of the trees were leafless.

Autumn
Coloring

1895-

Game Birds killed by W. B. at Lake Umbagog, Maine.

<u>September</u>	8	9	10	12	14	25	28	<u>Total</u>	17
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u>		3						3	
<u>Greater Yellowlegs</u>								1	1
<u>Black Duck</u>	1	1	1					3	
<u>Wood "</u>			5		3			8	
<u>Blue & Teal</u>				6		1		7	
<u>Whistler</u>	1				2			4	1
<u>Am. Scoter</u>							4	4	

Grand Total = 26 Ducks, 3 Snipe = ~~28~~ birds, 1 Yellowlegs = 30 Birds

Remarks. - Ducks were very numerous this season, especially Black and Wood Ducks. Small waters were unusuall, drier although the marshes were in excellent condition for them. I had a good many Wilson's Snipe, however, during the last week of September but I did not beat the marshes for them after the 8th. Indeed I did not begin shooting during the entire month. I could easily have killed from 75 to 100 Ducks had I hunted them persistently.

1895

Aug. 28 to Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on
Oct. 1 - slips in note pockets)

- 1 Sialia sialis
- 2 Turdus migratorius
- 3 " pallasii
- 4 " fuscescens
- 5 Merula migratoria
- 6 Pinus atricapillus
- 7 " bicoloratus
- 8 Regulus calendula
- 9 " saturata
- 10 Sitta canadensis
- 11 " carolinensis
- 12 Certhia americana
- 13 Troglodytes hiemalis
- 14 Amniotilla varia
- 15 Anthus ludovicianus
- 16 Helminthophila alata
- 17 " nigricapilla
- 18 Empidonax hammondi
- 19 Dendroica castanea
- 20 " cinnamomea
- 21 " blackburniae
- 22 " maculosa
- 23 " pennsylvanica
- 24 " caerulea
- 25 " striata
- 26 " virens
- 27 Eurostoechus trichas
- 28 Sciurus arcticus
- 29 Sylvia canadensis
- 30 Vireo solitarius
- 31 " philadelphicus
- 32 " olivaceus
- 33 Empidonax cedrorum
- 34 Chelidon erythrogaster
- 35 Tachycineta bicolor
- 36 Petrochelidon lunifrons
- 37 Cotile riparia
- 38 Progne subis
- 39 Carpodacus purpureus
- 40 Lania minor
- 41 " leucogaster
- 42 Spinus tristis
- 43 " pinus
- 44 Perisoreus granivorus
- 45 Ammodramus sarracenia
- 46 Junco hyemalis
- 47 Spizella socialis
- 48 Melospiza fasciata
- 49 " lincolni
- 50 " georgiana
- 51 Zonotrichia albicollis
- 52 " leucophrys
- 53 Hydromys ludovicianus
- 54 Passerina cyanea
- 55 Oolichonys virens
- 56 Scolecophagus ferrugineus

1895

Aug. 28 " Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data etc.)
Oct. 1- slips in note pockets)

57 Corvus americanus

58 Cyanocitta cristata.

59 Perisoreus canadensis.

60 Trochilus colubris.

61 Antrostomus vociferans.

62 Chordeiles virginianus.

63 Ceryle alcyon

64 Tyrannus tyrannus.

65 Cophilocus pileatus.

66 Colaptes auratus

67 Dryobates pubescens

68 " villosus

69 Sphyrapicus varius.

70 Picoides arcticus.

71 Asio accipitrinus.

72 Syrnium nebulosum.

73 Vireo h. alpinus.

74 Haliaeetus leucocapillus

75 Bonasa carolinensis

76 Falco sparverius

77 Buteo borealis.

78 " latissimus

79 Astur atricapillus

80 Falco columbianus

81 Accipiter cooperi

82 " velox

83 Bonasa nebulosa.

84 Gallinago delicata.

85 Chondestes dominicus

86 Tringa maculata.

87 Eximetus pusillus

88 Tamias melanoleucus

89 " flavipes

90 Phyaophilus solitarius

91 Actitis macularia.

92 Ardea herodias.

93 Nycticorax nycticorax

94 Botaurus lentiginosus

95 Pezomachus carolinensis.

96 Bernicla canadensis.

97 Anas obscura

98 Querquedula discors.

99 Tringa acuta.

100 Spizella socialis.

101 Amphispiza bilineata.

102 Spizella socialis.

103 Merganser americanus

104 Spizella socialis

105 Spizella socialis

106 Spizella socialis

107 " a. socialis.

108 Spizella socialis.

109 Spizella socialis

110 Spizella socialis.

111 Spizella socialis.

112

Cambridge to Concord.

1895.

Oct. 5

Clear with cool N. E. wind.

After spending four days in Cambridge I went to Concord this afternoon, driving Charley up in the open buggy by my favorite route; via the Byway place, ~~past~~ the north side of Prospect Hill, and through the Sandy Pond woods, starting at half-past three and reaching the Hayes's at about sunset.

It was hard to believe that the water ^{could be} ~~so~~ ^{late} than mid-September for there were no "killing" frosts as yet and the foliage was as green as in midsummer in most of the woods that I passed only a few of the maples in low land showing any decided autumn coloring.

I saw few birds except Jays and the common Sparrows — Song Sparrows, Chipping etc. A Grass Finch Pipit in full song sang once in loud, full tones as I was passing an old, weed-grown field

Concord, Massachusetts.

1875

October 6

A perfect day, cloudless, calm, very clear & free from haze, very warm.

Soon after breakfast I walked to the Billmicks'. In the big clump in front of their house a number of small birds were chirping and flitting about, feeding or chasing one another in play. Among them I recognized a Bluebird, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Downy Woodpecker and several Yellow-rumped Warblers and Chipping Sparrows. There was another flock at the Keyes's consisting of about a dozen Robins, two Cedar Birds, two or three White-throated Sparrows and several Chippies & in. of sparrows.

Mixed flocks
of small birds.

The Robins & Cedar Birds were feeding on the berries of the large mountain ash which stands on the east side of the house. It was loaded with fruit for the birds have only just begun on it having recently finished eating the fruit of the still larger tree on the west side. This latter tree refills its fruit the earlier of the two, according to Miss Keyes, who tells me that the birds always begin on & strip it first. She says that there have been upwards of thirty Cedar Birds there the past week besides a great flock of Robins. She thinks that most of the Cedar Birds departed on the 4th or 5th.

Robins &
Cedar Birds
eating berries of
mountain ash.

In the afternoon I walked to Batesman's Pond by way of Dutton's lane and Bow Meadow, taking six photographs with my small camera. The autumn coloring was very rich & vivid wherever there were red maples in abundance as in some of the swamps & about the edges of the pond but the oak woods were as green as in July & the gray birch copses showed but little yellow. The country

To Batesman's
Pond.

1898

Oct 6

(No 2)

is excessively dry after the long drought. Indeed I found that I could go anywhere in the bogs & runs without danger of wetting my feet although I wore thin canvas shoes. I started three Partridges. One flew from the branches of a leafy oak directly over the wood path as I was returning half an hour after sunset. It was so dark at the time that I could not see the path distinctly & I think the bird had gone to roost. It called quet. quet - quet - quet, quet in low, hurried tones just before taking wing.

*Bonasa
umbellus*

Among some second-growth oaks near the pond I came upon a young Sapsucker (*Sphyrapicus*), a very tame bird who allowed me to get within a few yards of him although he took pains to keep a thin trunk between us most of the time keeping out from behind it with a shy, fawny expression like a squirrel as it shrank me. The species is the slowest and most clumsy climber of our woodpeckers. He is also much given to fits of pensiveness or abstraction where he seems to be quite oblivious to what is going on around him. I have seen very few Sapsuckers in eastern Massachusetts within the past ten years - not more than one or two in any one season and often none during an entire season. Probably this is because I have spent so much of my time in Concord where they appear to occur much less often than in the region about Cambridge.

*Sphyrapicus
varius*

As I was watching the sunset at Nahum's Pond a Gray Squirrel began "backing" in the pines behind me & kept it up for some time. I should call it cawing rather than backing (cā - cā followed by several chattering sounds). It is very unlike any other squirrel's voices.

Gray Squirrel

1895.

Oct. 7

Early morning clear but remainder of day cloudy with light showers in P.M. very warm with S.W. wind.

Drove to Fairhaven Bay with Miss Hayes immediately after breakfast in search of the Spanish "Pine" whom we found at the camp on Mowth's Point. Saw a good many Jays, Crows, Song & Chipping Sparrows & a fine Red-shouldered Hawk soaring over the river just below the Bay. Photographed the big pasture hemlock at Nine Acre Corner but the negative proved worthless.

To Fairhaven

To Ball's Hill in the early afternoon sailing the entire distance. To Ball's Hill the river is lower than I have ever seen it below and the Great Meadows are so dry that the farmers are running their mowing machines over the ripening grounds. The thickets and beds of tall grass & wild rice along the river banks were thronged with Song & Swamp Sparrows among which were also a few Peewee Birds. As I was paddling up stream at about 5 P.M. the sun came out warm & clear for a few minutes and all these species began singing. I could hear them in every direction, far & near, a dozen or more different birds.

Song, Swamp &

White-throated

Sparrows singing.

Most of the songs were full & confident & evidently those of young birds but there were two old Song Sparrows who chanted at short, regular intervals in full, finished tones just as in spring. Altogether it was an unusual & very delightful concert.

The autumn coloring along the river front at Ball's Hill and in the maple swamps behind this hill was as fine as anything I have ever seen in Massachusetts. It was practically confined to the red maples & tulpeos, however. The latter are usually much earlier than the former but both appear to have attained their greatest perfection at the same time this year. Of the two

Autumn

foliage

Concord, Massachusetts.

1885

Oct. 7

(M 2/)

the notes furnished as a rule the more brilliant colors & some of them glowed like campfires of living flame.

I walked about in the woods for an hour or two seeing a Hermit Thrush, four Black-bellied Warblers and a number of Jays. A little before sunset three large flocks of Rusty Blackbirds came flying overhead in quick succession from the west. The first two flocks which contained respectively 37 and 40 birds passed on down river but the last when numbers I failed to count pitched down into Benson's corn field where they fed for some time very near & then rising & whirling about in a dense, dark cloud or alighting in the oaks to jingle & chirp their wild musical choruses.

Birds at
Ball's Hill

Chipmunk Squirrels were so very scarce during the past Spring & Summer that it was a noteworthy event to see or hear one anywhere. I did not meet with more than three or four in all including my experience at Warren, N. H. where they were so numerous in June 1884. The farmers thought that they perished in the holes during the ~~long~~ hard winter. In the region about Ball's Hill I could find but one solitary individual during April & May. Accordingly I was greatly surprised to hear & see them everywhere during my walk to Notman's Pond yesterday & in the Ball's Hill country this afternoon. Judging by these two experiences I should say that they are now more than ordinarily numerous.

Chipmunks
very scarce
last Spring
but abundant
this autumn

Two Gray Squirrels & a Red Squirrel were busking in the woods behind Ball's Hill to-day.

Gray & Red
Squirrels

1895
Oct. 8

Cloudy with a moderate but steady rain-fall during the forenoon.

I went to Ball's Hill again this morning looking down in the river. As I was passing "Hunt's Pond" a flock of ten Meadow Larks flew across the river and alighted in the fields on the north bank. I heard a few Titlarks both yesterday & to-day, mostly single birds wandering about high in air.

I spent the forenoon "house cleaning" an ill-timed but very necessary task for the river, spiders & ants continued hard, during the summer, strewn the shelves, floor, & table & hung the ceiling & corners with a bad litter of chips, saw dust & shavings. The rain beat wildly on the tin roof & my fire burned cheerfully in the fire place while outside the woods were gloomy & silent. Indeed I heard only a few Crows & Jays & saw nothing but a drenched, forlorn-looking Catbird who came close to my window and seemed to look in longingly as if half inclined to beg a place by my fire.

After dinner, however, the rain ceased & I paddled down river to the bird island where I landed & walked to the Mason field. Someone was stripping in Burdett's woods. Jays were screaming & Crows cawing. I heard two Hairy Woodpeckers.

Returning I passed the cabin without landing & kept on homeward. The sky ~~had~~ clearing in the west & a cool N.W. wind blew. One or two Song Sparrows sang and a Kingfisher flitted on before me. Muskrats were rolling over cabbages from among the clumps of butter bushes. They appear to be numerous this autumn.

To Ball's Hill.

A rainy day
in the cabinDryobates
vulgaris

1895
Oct. 9

Clear and cooler with brisk N.W. wind.

I spent the forenoon in the Estabrook country hunting for Cassin's Hoppers of which I dug a number of nests. During my walk I visited the beautiful pine woods behind Parkchester Hill. I doubt if anywhere in this region there can be found a richer or more varied ~~comple~~ growth of ground pine, popple, partridge berry etc. than that which carpets the ground throughout these woods. The soil & other conditions must be peculiarly favorable here. Small birds were rather numerous considering the wild, windy weather. I saw one Hermit, a flock of six Junco & two high ones besides, a Brown Creeper, a Field Sparrow, three Robins, and many Jays. In the pine woods Chickadees & at least one Golden-crest were chirping but I did not see any of them.

L. EstabrookwoodsSmall birds

" 10

Clear & cold but with little wind.

This has been a glorious autumn day but a severe cold has prevented me from going far afield. Early in the afternoon I strolled about the Hedges place. There were fifteen or twenty Robins in the mountain ash & in the orchard behind the house a mixed flock consisting of seven Bluebirds, eight or ten Chipping Sparrows & a Phoebe. It was delightful to see so many Bluebirds together after the anxiety which we have been feeling about them the past season. Apparently they fear that during the winter there have been very successful in rearing their broods.

Mixed flock

with seven

Bluebirds

1895

Oct. 15

Cloudy, calm, warm. Slight rain in P.M.

A severe cold confined me to the house on the 11th, 12th & 13th.
Yesterday was spent in Cambridge & Boston. So - day, I went to
Ball's Hill.

To Ball's Hill

Between 3 P.M. on the 12th & 8 P.M. on the 13th our fair inches of
rain fell and the river rose more than three feet, flooding
the meadows. The current was very strong this morning and I
had a swift passage using the paddle but lightly.

At the Hotel I saw a flock of about 30 Titmice alight in the
upper branches of a large, leafless ash where they sat for several
minutes preening their feathers. If I remember rightly, it is
unusual for them to ~~so~~ perch in trees.

Titmice alight
in trees.

On reaching Holden's Hill I paddled across the meadows and
was on the point of landing when four Wood Ducks rose from
the water at the edge of the bushes, and flew down river towards
Ball's Hill where I afterwards started them a second time
nearly in front of the cabin. The flock consisted of one female,
one drake in apparently full plumage and two young ducks
which had about half completed the change from young to
mature plumage.

Wood Ducks

While walking about over Holden's Hill I started a
Partridge and heard two Gray Squirrels barking. The Partridge
on rising uttered a low, rolling, murmuring, whistling sound
indefinitely vocal. This note, which I have heard countless times
before but never considered carefully until now, is perfectly
distinct from the hurried, metallic quet-quet-quet which is
also a common flight note. The former cry is, I think, usually
given when the bird is not much alarmed and when it about
to take only a short flight. The quet is uttered instead just
before the bird takes wing but is frequently combined with it.

Higher notes
of Partridge

1895

Oct. 13

(Wed)

The first few calls that the bird utters after leaving the ground or tree. The first call indicates unusual alarm: is often given when the bird is surprised.

I spent a rather gloomy day at the cabin for it rained steadily most of the time I was there as well as during my paddle homeward at evening when I neither heard nor saw anything of interest save a solitary Great Blue Heron which rose from the meadow at the foot of Bennett's Bar & winged its way off into the glaze.

The old oaks lost their foliage during the rain storm of the 13th but since then the birches have turned yellow & some of the scarlet oaks have also attained nearly the perfection of their autumn tints & that the woods are still brilliantly coloured in places.

Autumn
foliage.

1898

Oct. 17

Clear with strong W. wind.

Spent the day down river in the open canoe landing at Ball's Hill for an hour on my way down & then keeping on past Lewis's Hill & Lawrence's big woods to Bright's woods where I landed & hunched. On the way back I landed at Mason's Island & walked back through the woods to the old field picking up a number of acorns for planting in Cambridge.

Down river
to Ball's Hill
& beyond.

I saw no Ducks to-day and indeed almost nothing of interest save a House Hawk.

" 18

Clear with strong N. W. wind.

In the forenoon drove with Mr. Buttrick to Mason's field where we left the horse & walked through Prescott's woods concerning the value of which I was anxious to get Mr. B's opinion. He started a Partridge & a Hare & then & there. We then drove back to town & down to Goose Pond where we spent another hour or so. This pond was very low & a dense growth of grass has covered its margin on every side.

In the afternoon I sailed to Ball's Hill where I took two or three photographs. On the way back saw four Wood Ducks swimming along the edge of the grass on the Great Meadows. I can now cross this meadow in my canoe going through the cut by the big white maples.

Wood Ducks

Saw two Bluebirds near John Mose's & Junco's in many places in flocks of ten to twenty-five.

1895.
Oct. 19-31

With the exception of the 25th & 28th which were spent at Cambridge I have been at Concord during this period but I have seen so little of interest and the ground has been so thoroughly covered by my journals of former years that I have not thought it worth while to keep a daily record other than that of my condensed field list.

Since the great storm of the 12th & 13th we have had practically no rain and the weather has been clear most of the time. Nevertheless the month has furnished but few really pleasant days. There have been too many violent winds and the nights have been cold and damp. The smaller, shallower ponds have ~~been~~ drained over repeatedly and the leaves killed by the frosts have withered & fallen without attaining their usual brilliant tints. Indeed since the red warblers cast their foliage it has been a comparatively colorless autumn.

The great storm raised the river about three feet & flooded the meadows for nearly a week. When the water began falling Greater Yellow-legs appeared in numbers in the meadows and stayed for a few days. I saw them on the Great Meadows and in front of the Rogers' and heard of them all the way up stream to Weyland. Pectoral Sandpiper also paid us a visit. I saw one on the 20th and a flock of six on the 23rd in the meadows on the east bank of the Holt. They were very tame & I watched them for an hour or more (on the 23rd). Soon after I left them a gunner (the same man who shot one on the meadows with a cricket) came on to the meadows & fired six or eight shots at them. I saw him pick up their birds & fear he got the whole flock.

Greater
Yellow-legs.

Pectoral
Sandpiper

1895

Oct. 19-31

(Sat)

Hermit Thrushes have been more numerous than for several years past. I saw five on the 22nd during a drive to Corbiss & back.

Hermit
Thrushes

There has also been a very good flight of Juncos. I have several times seen from fifteen to fifty in a day and from ten to twenty in a single flock.

Juncos

Bluebirds were about the house almost daily up to the 21st since when I have seen none but Pat. Ramsey tells me that he met with a flock of fifteen or twenty in Wayland on the 28th.

Bluebirds

The flight of Yellow-rumps has been fairly up to its average proportions but they have gone by now.

Yellow-rumps

Most of my days have been spent at Ball's Hill. Sailing or paddling down each morning I have spent the days tramping about in the woods or overrunning Pat's walk and have returned at evening after the wind had fallen and ^{when} the wind-rails were cutting their biting furrows across the placid stream. During these river trips I have seen but few Ducks, much fewer than usual. Ten Black Ducks on the 20th & fifteen on the 27th, four Wood Ducks on the 15th & as many on the 19th, and a Hooded Merganser on the 23rd - the last thus far. The Merganser was at Ball's Hill swimming close in shore. It allowed me to paddle within about 50 yards before rising. It appeared to be a young male.

Ducks
scarcely

Hooded
merganser

Concord, Mass.

1895-

Nov. 1-8

Will Stone joined me at Concord on the 1st and spent the following week with me. The weather was wonderfully fine, clear, warm, & still - Indian Summer weather in fact. Of course we were out every day, usually taking the cars and going to Bull's Hill.

Birds were not very numerous but there was a fairly large flock of Tree Sparrows & Juncos. Not a single Duck was noted and Hares of all kinds were very scarce.

.. 19-26

I left Concord on the 8th and went to Washington to attend the A. O. U. meeting. Returning to Cambridge on the 16th I drove to Concord on the afternoon of the 19th and spent another week there coming back to Cambridge for the winter on the 26th.

During this week the weather was almost uniformly bad with several heavy rains but it was fortunately warm most of the time. The country was nearly barren of birds. There were, to be sure, a good many ~~Chickadees~~ ^{Tree Sparrows} but almost nothing else even Chickadees being scarce. I saw a Shrike (the first) on the 21st and during the week then a few Pine Siskins, all English birds.

Frank Gaeftel, having nothing better to do, has been trapping muskrat rats this autumn. During the slaughter of past month he has caught in the river and its tributary brooks between Dugan Brook & Davis's Mill 252 muskrats. They are practically exterminated by this river drain. I have seen only two or three during this week.



